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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

LORD GREY ON THE OLD DIPLOMACY

WRITING in the *Westminster Gazette*, Lord Grey of Fallodon pays his respects to a suggestion that has been running the rounds of the European press, namely, that the European delegates at the Washington Conference should forget the 'old diplomacy.' 'The old diplomacy,' Lord Grey retorts, 'was not the cause of Europe's struggles, but rather a consequence or symptom of what was really the cause.'

Even secret treaties, Lord Grey argues, were not a part of the old diplomacy. In support of this contention he declares that in all his public experience he cannot remember ever having been a party to the making of a secret treaty before the war. 'During the war we made several secret treaties; we were also driven by the war to the use of poison gas; but I regard both as the inevitable accompaniment of the war, and not of diplomacy.'

What, then, were the special faults of the old diplomacy? Had it any that were peculiar to itself? Was it a separate creature with peculiar diseases of its own? I do not think so. Want of candor, professing to desire one object while really pursuing another, to be inspired by an altruistic motive while prompted by a selfish one, hypertrophy of the sense of separate interest and atrophy of the sense of common interest — all these were not universal, but they were often dominant in the old diplomacy, and they wrecked or paralyzed conferences and concerts of powers. But they are also common in political parties, in dealings of Capital and Labor with each other — in all human affairs. Nations dealt with each other in the way that parties, classes, and individuals are apt to deal with each other. What is needed at Washington is not a change of method, but the changed point of view. If the latter be there the old methods will disappear, but not otherwise.

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PARTY CONVENTIONS IN ITALY

ALL of the three parties that occupy the most conspicuous position in Italian politics at present held national conventions last October and November. The Socialists met at Milan to decide whether their members in Parliament should be permitted to accept office in a coalition government. They decided against such action, but the convention revealed the fact that the Bolshevist wing, although in nominal control of the party, has practically given up the Communist and Revolutionary principles which we associate with that name. The members hooted down Lenin's messenger, Valesky, who bore Moscow's excommunication to the

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Congress. The meeting, though far from orderly, gave evidence of a growing spirit of tolerance among the different factions of the party.

Soon after the Milan convention of the Socialists, the *Popolari*, or Catholic party, held a national congress at Venice. Some of its members have taken office in the present coalition ministry. This party, like the Socialists, is divided into a Conservative and a Radical wing. It is non-sectarian in the sense that it is not necessary to be a Roman Catholic to become a member, but its political power is largely due to the clergy and the clerical organizations. However, the debates indicated that the Radical spirit was predominant, although the party will continue to coöperate with the present Government.

Last of all, the Fascisti held a convention at Rome, which resembled a great national demonstration more than a political congress. Some 10,000 members of this organization gathered at the capital early in November during the ceremonies attending the burial of the unknown soldier. Mussolini, the supreme leader of the organization, who was formerly a Socialist, urged his followers henceforth to abstain from the violence which has been the characteristic feature of their propaganda. He desires to convert the unruly and impulsive organization of which he is chief into a solid political party, with a leaning toward liberalism; but so far seems to have accomplished little in this direction.

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JAPAN AND THE HUGHES PROPOSAL

THE latest mail from Japan brings in fuller detail the reception given by the press of that country to the programme for a reduction of naval armaments proposed to the Washington Conference by Secretary Hughes. *Jiji*, an organ of Liberal opinion, says: —

To tell the truth, we entertained some misgivings and doubts as to how the United States would act at the Conference, but we cannot help recognizing the mighty resolve she has taken to bring the Conference to success when we see such a bold stroke made at the outset. Britain and Japan must respond to the sincerity of purpose expressed by the United States and coöperate with her for the realization of the first and foremost object of the Conference, by reconciling their views with hers, and by mutually subordinating their own interests to the great cause of world peace. In the annals of the world, no other country has shown such a radical and sincere attitude toward the armament-reduction question. The United States alone is capable of making such a drastic proposal for cutting down the armaments of the Powers. Her sublime action will usher in a new epoch in the history of mankind. To-day is the most opportune time for putting into effect the so-called naval holiday which signifies the utter suspension of useless warship-construction competition. The three principal naval Powers, the United States, Britain, and Japan, ought to spare no pains for the realization thereof. Britain and Japan may make counter-proposals for the plan formulated and submitted by the United States, but these counter-proposals must be made solely in accordance with the spirit of mutual concession and conciliation, with the ultimate purpose of achieving the reduction of their naval armaments.

Asahi, another widely read daily, comments: —

We are gratified to see that Mr. Hughes placed before the body a radical and drastic plan for the limitation of international naval armaments. Mr. Hughes changed the first sitting of the Conference from a ceremonial function into a business-like meeting. The plan submitted by the United States may have been sensational in character and may have astounded and dazed the delegates of the Powers, but that was inevitable from the nature of the Conference. . . . In the second place, we wish to express our satisfaction that the United States Government did not give precedence to the Pacific question over the naval

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armament-reduction question. Previously, the opinion was current in the United States that, as the discussion and solution of the Pacific question was indispensable as a preliminary in the settlement of international disputes and the solution of the naval armament-reduction question, it should be the first taken up for deliberation at the Conference.

Hochi says:—

Expert opinions may differ as to the adequacy and appropriateness of the plan submitted by the United States Government. Some may criticize it as being too radical and extraordinary for practical purposes. But this is not to be wondered at when we take into consideration the national characteristic of the American people who always desire everything done thoroughly and well to the point.

This paper characterizes President Harding's address at the opening of the Conference as 'an outcry of the yearning of mankind for permanent and unbroken peace in the world.'

Chugai Shogyo, a domestic and foreign trade journal which has always been an opponent of militarism, but an ardent advocate of Japan's maritime expansion, takes a more critical attitude:—

Japan utterly differs in her conditions from self-supplying countries like the United States. Furthermore, in respect to her industrial capability, Japan is no match for the United States. While Japan has but four slips for the construction of 30,000-ton warships, the United States has sixteen. We do not expect that peace will be broken in the near future, but these matters should be taken into consideration.

We demand of the United States to permit us to keep a naval power equal to hers, or, if that is impossible, one that is nearly so. We recognize the sincerity and candor of the United States with reference to naval armament-reduction, but we shall be well advised to weigh her proposal before we pass any judgment.

The *Osaka Mainichi*, and the independent *Yorodzu Choho*, approve the proposal though with some caution, evidently not quite assured as to whither the plan leads. The popular and lively *Miyako* observes:—

We do not know whether the plan submitted to the Conference by the United States is a fair and just one viewed from the technical standpoint. We also do not know for certain whether it can be carried into practice. None the less, we are moved to a sense of admiration and respect for the bold and sincere attitude taken by the United States with respect to the question of international naval-armament reduction.

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'THE TYRANT INACCESSIBLE'

A RECENT visitor to Moscow gives an interesting account of Trotzky's daily life, the most significant feature of which is his almost complete inaccessibility, due to a morbid fear of assassination. The Soviet War Minister, it is said, lives in a detached house surrounded by a stone wall, where he is protected constantly by a strong bodyguard. Every visitor, even though summoned by Trotzky for conference, is taken into the guardroom and thoroughly searched. No interviews are granted — except, presumably, to his own colleagues — save with a secretary present. No visitor is offered a chair; all conversation is carried on standing.

Trotzky gets up at seven every morning, and does physical exercises; at eight he has a cold breakfast, with tea, in solitude; at half-past eight his motor-car comes to the door, and he goes for his morning drive. His car is always followed by another containing several agents of the Cheka. He varies his route as much as possible. On his return from the drive Trotzky visits several barracks, and watches the men at drill for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour; then he goes off to the Kremlin or to a meeting of the Council of People's Commis-

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saries, or the War Council. At one o'clock he dines with a few personal friends. His kitchen is directed by the former chef of the Donon, one of the principal restaurants in Petrograd, and all the servants are members of the bodyguard. Dinner lasts about an hour, and afterwards coffee and liqueurs are served in Trotzky's study.

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EVERY MAN HIS OWN JOURNALIST

ZINOVIEV, President of the Third International, contributed an article to the *Petrograd Bulletin* of the Executive Committee of that organization last September, in which he advocated creating a new type of labor press. He criticized the present Socialist papers of Europe and America for servilely copying their bourgeois competitors, and held up as a model, *Pravda*, as it was published prior to the war, when half of each issue consisted of letters from working men and working women.

These letters portrayed the life of the particular factory, or foundry, or barracks. In plain everyday words, the sufferings and privations of the toilers were described in these letters. Disclosures were made about the actions of the employers and the officials. Taken in mass, these letters gave a complete picture of the sorrows and misfortunes that fall to the lot of the toiling masses. . . . Whenever a letter was published from any factory or barracks, the paper would immediately arouse a tremendous interest there. The workmen learned to read these communications. The appearance of such a letter was an event for the whole factory. It would be read by the members of the party and by those who did not belong to the party. The newspaper became a veritable scourge for all those who sought to harm or offend the workmen.

He recognizes that labor newspapers must give information about the world, and have an attractive make-up. These features enable popular bourgeois papers to exist on the support of labor subscribers. He sees that there will be difficulty in combining the best features of capitalist journalism with the popular features of Communist journalism which he advocates.

It will be necessary to encourage the workmen who just begin to write, to help them express their thoughts, to write to their dictation on the basis of their oral narrative. Many of the letters will have to be revised, but all this is surely worth the effort.

Is it not an indirect hit at Lenin when he observes, 'a good cartoon serves a better purpose than a dozen pompous, so-called "Marxian," long and wearisome articles'? He even would encourage the workmen to write poetry. Many poems printed in the old *Pravda* 'were utterly worthless perhaps, in the opinion of professional literary critics, but were better expressions of the true feelings of the labor masses than long articles.'

Under the stimulus of this coöperation he believes that labor papers would be well supported by the working people. The latter would willingly provide funds for journals which so truly represented their own interests. Zinoviev believes this would add to the propaganda value of such press organs.

Less of the abstract and more of the concrete — that is what we need at the present time. Everything that takes place in a factory must find a reflection in our newspapers. Elections in a trade union must be an event worthy of prominent notice in our newspapers. All the candidates of our opponents should be carefully examined and 'written up.' Every phase of the struggle in the factory or the foundry should be reported systematically in our press. Our struggle against our political enemies, beginning with the undisguised bourgeois and ending with the 'independent' Socialists, must be much more concrete, lively, passionate, and much less stereotyped than heretofore.

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FURTHER MOLTKE REVELATIONS

A FIRST-CLASS contribution to the history of events immediately preceding the war is reprinted by the *Daily Telegraph* from an obscure Stuttgart paper. It is an extract from General von Moltke's memoirs, which have been printed in book form but withheld from publication for reasons which were recently indicated in the *Living Age*. The editor of the Stuttgart journal managed, nevertheless, to procure a copy of the book and to transcribe certain passages, which he now gives to the public.

Describing the Council of War which was held in the Berlin Palace on August 1, 1914, General von Moltke, who was then Chief of Staff, declares that both the Imperial Chancellor and the Kaiser were 'joyfully excited' over the contents of a telegram received from the German Ambassador in London, in which assurance was given that England would hold France out of the war if Germany, for her part, would agree to take no hostile action against the French.

> Now [explained the Kaiser] we need only make war against Russia. You see, we can simply concentrate the whole of our army in the East. Moltke, however, assured His Majesty that this was altogether impossible; the concentration of any army involving millions of men could not be improvised. Plans which involved the labor of years could not be altered. . . . The Kaiser insisted on his demand, however, and was very angry. Among other things he said to Moltke: 'Your uncle would have given me a different answer.' But Moltke finally succeeded in convincing the Kaiser that the German dispositions, which provided for strong forces against France, and weak defensive forces against Russia, must be carried out according to plan or hopeless confusion would ensue. In accordance with this decision a dispatch was sent to London stating that Germany accepted the English offer very gladly, but that the existing mobilization plan must, for the present, take its course against France, because of technical reasons.

'From the outset,' declares Moltke, 'the senselessness of the whole English proposal was clear to me.'

In the course of these extracts from his memoirs, Moltke complains bitterly of the way in which the Kaiser interfered with the plan of the military authorities to occupy Luxemburg on the very first day of the mobilization.

> As I stood there, the Kaiser, without asking me, turned to the aide-de-camp on duty, and ordered him to telegraph immediately to the Sixteenth Division at Treves and command that it should not enter Luxemburg. I felt as if my heart would break. . . . I tried in vain to convince His Majesty that we needed the Luxemburg railways and must secure them. I was dismissed with the remark that we could use other lines instead. The order stood.

Count Moltke goes on to say that he left the Council Chamber 'shaken by the isolation in which he found himself.' Later in the evening, however, the Kaiser changed his attitude and with the words 'Do as you like,' gave Moltke a free hand to carry out the plans of the General Staff.

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THE EVE OF THE WAR IN AUSTRIA

GENERAL BARON VON MARGUTTI, whose personal reminiscences of the Emperor Francis Joseph have recently appeared in English, described the fateful hours when war or peace with Serbia hung in the balance. When the news came through that the reply was unacceptable, and that the Austrian Minister had left Belgrade, General von Margutti hurried to acquaint his master with the position.

> The Emperor came forward with a questioning glance. I gave him the news I had just received from Vienna. He listened

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with his eyes fixed on me, and his features rigid. Then in a thick, choking voice, which could hardly struggle through his throat, a voice quite unknown to me, he said: 'So it is!'

I handed the Emperor the paper on which I had written the sinister message. The Emperor took it, turned to his desk with tired, tottering steps, dropped heavily into his chair, and reached for his glasses, which were lying on the writing-pad. His hands trembled so violently that it was some time before he could fix his glasses.

Having reread the note, Francis Joseph finally remarked, as if talking to himself, but quite audibly: 'Even if diplomatic relations are broken off, it does n't necessarily mean war.'

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A BALLIN LETTER

THE memoirs of Albert Ballin, the managing director of the Hamburg-American Company, and one of the leading business men of Germany, are about to be published by one of his business associates. Ballin, it will be recalled, was an opponent of the war, and is alleged to have died of a broken heart when he became convinced that Germany's cause was lost.

As early as January 1916, Ballin had written the Kaiser opposing a resumption of the submarine campaign. On May tenth of the same year, he wrote to a friend at the Grand Headquarters of the German army a letter in which, after observing that the recent crisis in diplomatic relations with the United States seemed to have passed and that a break in those relations would be most disastrous for Germany, he said: —

> Practically, we can say with confidence that the war, as a purely military operation, has already been won by Germany. In order to defeat us now, our enemies must win victories against us in Russia, France, and Belgium. They must be able to drive us out of those territories. They must overrun our borders and then conquer us at home. Every rational man knows that they possess neither the soldiers nor the military genius to accomplish this. Consequently we are now in the midst of a war of exhaustion in which the only thing that can change our present status to our injury would be the intervention of America.

Ballin goes on to say that Germans have an exaggerated opinion of what submarines might accomplish. The idea that England could be starved out by submarines was utterly false.

> England will always be able to maintain its connection with the French Channel ports, and though we treble our U-boats, she will be able to import sufficient food to carry on. . . . The English cannot reduce us by a famine blockade, neither can we force them to surrender by a submarine campaign. Both weapons are dangerous and deadly in a high degree, but neither can decide the war nor appreciably improve the status of either party.

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MINOR NOTES

THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR CONFERENCE at Geneva adopted a resolution that farm workers ought to have the same rights of organization and combination as industrial workers. Ninety-two delegates voted in favor of this resolution, including the entire delegation from Great Britain. Only five votes were recorded against it — four from British colonies and one from Japan.

The draft of an international agreement to extend to agricultural workers the benefits of workmen's compensation laws was adopted by a vote of 81 to 13. In this instance, again, several delegates from the British self-governing colonies voted with the minority. The Conference also agreed by a practically unanimous vote that governments which maintain provisions for insurance against sickness, invalidity, and old age, should extend these benefits to farm workers.

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THE CRUX OF THE REPARATIONS PROBLEM

BY PROFESSOR M. J. BONN

[*The outstanding incident in Europe at present writing is the collapse of German and Austrian exchange, which the Paris correspondent of the* Westminster Gazette *believes portends Germany's speedy bankruptcy. That fear is shared in most financial circles of Europe. Professor Bonn, of Munich, is a distinguished economist who has been associated with the German commission dealing with this question.*]

From the *English Review*, *November*
—(LIBERAL MONTHLY)

THE international economic situation is characterized to-day by the fact that the war has greatly increased the industrial productive capacity of the world, while at the same time power of consumption has greatly diminished. The balance between the production of agricultural foodstuffs and raw materials, already seriously disturbed since the beginning of the century, has been completely overturned; to mention Russia is sufficient.

This great reduction of purchasing power is aggravated by the depreciation of the exchanges. A depreciating exchange is in the long run equivalent to reduced purchasing power of the country suffering from it; it is offset to a limited extent by the stimulus it is giving to exports. This being so, a balance might be reached automatically by a nation's foreign commitments being reduced and her foreign assets being increased; and a stabilization of the foreign exchanges might be brought about, if at the same time inflation were to come to a standstill.

As far as Germany is concerned, the Reparations obligations make this automatic settlement impossible. The settling of a Reparations debt is, broadly speaking, equivalent to an adverse balance of payment. The country concerned must pay more to other countries than she receives from them. This can only be done if she has a favorable balance of trade, or considerable invisible exports. Germany has neither to-day. She has an adverse balance of trade, and no invisible exports. Quite the contrary, she is indebted to foreign countries, quite apart from her Reparations obligations. There are great obstacles blocking the way to a favorable balance of trade. Most debtor countries — and a country paying Reparations is a debtor country which has not had the use of the capital it is debited with for productive purposes — have been so-called young countries, *i.e.*, agricultural countries, with great possibilities for development. They could easily reduce their imports by diminishing their consumption of manufactured goods, and quite as easily increase their exports, consisting of foodstuffs and raw materials.

Germany is an old industrial country. She cannot reduce her imports to any great extent, for she can only live and produce when receiving grain, fat, rubber, cotton, wool, and so on. She cannot even exclude 'articles de luxe,' because France does not want to lose her market. She can scarcely increase her exports on the scale needed, as her exports are mainly competitive. Her falling exchange, among other causes, en-

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ables her to undercut her competitors; her competitors are her creditors. They insist on payment, but prevent her from making it. They block her markets by tariffs, anti-dumping legislation, and exclusion. They refuse her the most-favored-nation treatment, insisting rightly that a depreciating currency is unfair competition, and they force her to make unfair competition by depreciating her currency.

The fall of the exchanges, it is said, is due merely to inflation, brought about by unsound financial methods. But there is no strict parallel between the issue of bank notes and the present rate of exchange. The dollar cost 100 marks early in 1920, when 40 billion notes were issued; it fell to nearly 40 in the following months, though the note issue increased steadily; it stood between 50 and 80 in spring 1921, when the note issue had gone up to 70 billions, and it rose to 100 and more when the effects of the payments of the first billion for Reparations were felt. And it went down from about 125 to 195 inside a week, when the German public realized the gravity of the League of Nations' decision about Upper Silesia. No doubt there is a close connection between Reparations payments and note issue. As things are at present, the German Government must issue Treasury bills to finance Reparations. These Treasury bills are bought by the Reichsbank with newly issued notes. With these notes Government has to buy the foreign bills needed for Reparations payment.

These Reparations payments bring about an increased *primary* demand for foreign exchange. This unsettles the exchange, and immediately a *secondary* demand sets in. For the high cost of the foreign exchanges increases the demand for foreign bills instead of diminishing it. Every German business man indebted abroad buys gold exchange for fear of a higher rise later on, when his payment falls due; every importer of raw material or foodstuffs lays in foreign currencies in some form or other, so as to be quite sure to be able to get his goods at a price no higher than that ruling to-day. These are followed by the flock of speculators, many of them mere exchange gamblers, but others frightened investors, who want to save some of their money from the depreciation of the mark. The flight from the mark sets in, *i.e.*, the desire of German investors to provide against further shrinkage of their capital; it is due to-day mainly to the fall of the exchange, and through its vehemence it brings about a further depreciation.

Until lately, this tendency was somewhat balanced by a strong counteracting movement. Foreigners bought German stocks and shares and German real estate. They purchased huge quantities of German bank notes, and opened considerable accounts with German banks. These people prevented the decline of the mark for a long time; they offered, so to speak, gold credits to Germany, being willing to run the risk of being paid back in paper marks later on, when the mark has recovered; and they acted quite unconsciously as the saviors of international economics.

Since the payment of the first milliard for Reparations has thoroughly broken the resistance of the market, this movement has come to a kind of standstill. New investments are not sufficient to absorb the German offers of marks; there is even a danger that these old investments may be withdrawn as their owners get frightened. Large quantities of 'frozen' marks are 'thawed' and are flooding the market. The panic following the Upper Silesia decision has shown clearly that there is no further strong resistance on that account to the downgrade movement.

This downward movement cannot

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come to a standstill, for whenever things have settled down somehow, a new Reparations installment falls due, and exchange tends to a new lower level. A big — transitory — premium is given to German exports; valuta-dumping begins afresh, disturbing foreign markets; tariff legislation is introduced, anti-dumping Bills are passed, or if already in existence are being applied. German imports are forbidden. Prices rise in Germany, and another step in the social revolution, destroying the old-established society in Central Europe, is reached.

Is there a way out of it?

The stabilization of the exchange has often been mentioned as such. However, stabilization is not yet needed. There is no necessity to fix the relation of the German mark to gold at the present low level; but there is the necessity of preventing it from falling to a still lower level. It ought to be steadied; minimalization of the mark might be the right word. It ought not to fall below a certain level, but it ought to have a chance to rise above it. If such a level could be found, an international banking agreement would be needed to maintain it, so that a sufficient amount of dollars or pounds could always be had at the price fixed. If that could be done, there would no longer be any bear speculation. There would be no further valuta-dumping, and consequently no need for anti-dumping legislation, and no further violent fluctuations in prices in Germany.

Many experts doubt the efficiency of such a measure. Inflation, they say, must stop first, and this can be only done if no more notes are printed to make up the deficit. In my humble opinion they are putting the cart before the horse. As long as there is no 'minimalization,' no German Budget will ever balance. When the dollar is at 42 marks, it costs 10 billion marks paper to pay one billion marks gold; when it rises to 126 it costs 30, at 170 it will be 40. Under these conditions, the deficit in Germany is almost an automatic function of the fluctuations of the exchange, for the cost of the Services must rise parallel to them, while the revenue does not increase at the same rate. How on earth is a Chancellor of the Exchequer to budget for such fluctuations? He can scarcely reduce expenses by strict economy. The most important item, Reparations, cannot be reduced; and its payment forcing on inflation must depreciate money and swell the account.

Sound finance is impossible without the fixing of a minimum. As long as the paper currency goes on depreciating, no long term loans can be placed in Germany, for the investor who, when the dollar costs 50 marks, lends the Government 1000 marks or 20 dollars, is sure to lose the purchasing power of 10 dollars when the dollar goes up to 100 marks. There is ample paper money looking for investment in Germany, the boom on the Stock Exchange shows that clearly enough. But no one will invest in long term Government securities; the deficit must be met by Treasury bills, and Treasury bills are paid by the issue of new notes. When there is no risk of a further fall of the mark, — but the chance of a rise, — long term annuities could be floated, preparatory means for the balancing of the Budget could be carried, and this aim could be ultimately achieved. But this can be done only if the heavy list of the German payments is adjusted. Stabilization or minimalization is impossible as long as the balance of payment is getting more adverse every month. You cannot adjust the balance of a pair of scales by adding new weight to the one already overcharged. The empty scale must either be filled or the other scale must be lightened.

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There are two ways of doing this. The yearly Reparations payments might simply be reduced so as to be within the limits of Germany's capacity to pay. I am not going to discuss this question. The Allies, especially France and Belgium, are depending on their payments. Moreover, it is almost impossible to state Germany's real capacity, things being as they are. But there is not the slightest doubt that the present payment is far beyond her present strength. This being so, the further spreading of economic anarchy arising from Reparations can only be prevented by a part of the payments of Germany being deferred. In the language of finance, they must be 'funded' and added to the capital to be paid later on. If this were done, the effect on Germany's present balance of payment and on her exchange would be very remarkable. It is just such a measure as the United States Treasury applied toward their Allies when postponing the payment of interest until after April 1922. It did not settle the question of indebtedness, but it did save the exchange for the time being.

But the nations entitled to German payments, especially France, are not in a position to postpone their demands and to become deferred creditors. They want the money immediately. If the German exchange is to have a chance of recovery, somebody else must advance the cash with which she can pay France. Now the only country in a position to do this is the United States. But the United States is not likely to do it. In fact, they are now asking for the payment of interest from their Allies, which so far has been deferred. They are simply sick of Europe just now, and not inclined to throw good money after bad. Their leading men realize the seriousness of the situation, but they tell us that public opinion in the United States is not ripe for such an active policy. I am sure that they are right, but I know, too, that Europe is over-ripe and cannot stand much more maturing. Moreover, postponement can only settle the problem if the debtor's recovery is such as to enable him at a future day to pay his original debt plus accrued interest. Will such day ever come for Germany and will it come soon?

France cannot be satisfied with annual payments; she wants their capitalized value. The German annuity is supposed to be sufficient at present to pay 5 per cent interest and 1 per cent sinking-fund on about 50 billion gold marks. These 50 billion 5 per cent gold bonds have been handed to the Allies. France would like to place her share on the stock market. It is not very easy to do so at present. The rate of interest for all loans is very high; and the credit of Germany under the present circumstances is not very good. If the Allies succeeded at all, the bonds could only be placed very much below par; or, in other words, Germany has to pay a very high rate of interest, while France gets only a very moderate amount of capital. On a 10 per cent basis the market value of the 50 billions is probably only 25 billions. Germany is crushed, and France is not saved. Apart from all political complications, the high rate of interest is the crux of the Reparations problem. There has been such an enormous destruction of capital that the tangible savings of the world are inadequate for the regular expansion of business and for floating the capitalized value of the Reparations payments.

During the war, the capital needed for carrying on was largely provided by a policy of 'fiat money.' Loans were floated, not so much by the transfer of existing capital from its owners to the State, but by the creation of artificial credit. The result was inflation, with all its dire consequences. If the scarcity

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of capital alluded to above really exists, the international financial problem, according to my view, cannot be solved by applying to the stock market. The capitalists are not capable or not willing to provide the funds needed at reasonable terms, and the debtors, especially Germany, are unable to pay interest. Recourse must be had to the issue of some sort of paper money.

This money must, of course, be international. It must be accepted at its face value by all Governments or all central banks. It must be Government money only, *i.e.*, it ought not to be legal tender in private life. But it might be used as a special reserve against which the different Governments or the different banks could issue bank notes or certificates. Its total amount ought to be limited, and it would be redeemed at fixed dates. By the creation of such international money — it might be called gold certificates — the Reparations question might be solved.

A definite fixed sum — let us say the 50 billion marks gold of the Ultimatum — might be handed over to the Allied Governments in the proportion in which they are entitled to reparation. These certificates could be used for the paying off of foreign debts, for purchases or loans abroad, or as reserve for note issues at home. These might be called reconstruction notes. Germany would be bound to redeem annually a certain proportion of these gold certificates in gold marks, by handing in gold bills created by the sale of German goods. The amount due annually and the date of the payments could be settled in accordance with her capacity to pay, and with the inclination of the other nations to accept her commodities. The total sum could be issued in different slices, so that the amount of uncovered certificates would never be too great. France would receive cash, which she could use to clear off her international obligations, thereby easing and fixing her exchanges. England and the United States would be the ultimate receivers of the bulk of these certificates. In case they did not want to use them for payments or loans abroad or for the issue of corresponding currency at home, they would have to keep them in their vaults until redeemed. During that period they would get no interest on them, but they would get back their capital. They would thus incur some loss, but it would be much smaller than the loss arising from a scheme of canceling inter-allied debts which would deprive England and the United States of interest and capital as well. They would gain markets, for exchange would not decline any longer below a certain point, and they would get rid of German competition due to shocks of exchange. Germany's yearly payments could be greatly reduced. The payment to France of 10 billions on the Ultimatum plan necessitates the payment of about 1 billion a year for 30 years: the redemption of 10 billion certificates within 30 years could be done by a yearly payment of about 333 millions. The necessity of German exports, and with it the necessity of admitting German imports, would be reduced correspondingly. The further depreciation of the German exchange can be stopped, and the way to stabilization may be prepared.

I am very well aware of the crudity of the scheme outlined, and of the dangers of inflation. But the problem seems to me this: Shall we incur a certain amount of limited and regulated international inflation by the issue of international paper, which will be funded bye-and-bye as the resources of the world increase; or shall we continue — nay, even force on — national inflation, until the financial life of Central Europe is beyond recovery and until economic dissolution will follow financial anarchy?

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If there is enough capital in the world to save the situation, some plan ought to be devised to solve the problem on the basis of existing capital; if there is not, the fiction of making money which has been used during the war for destructive national purposes ought to be used for constructive international aims. But something must be done, and that something must be done boldly; for the sands are running out with alarming rapidity.

EVASIVE TEUTONS

BY JOSEPH LOUSSERT

From *L'Europe Nouvelle, November* 19
(French Liberal Foreign-Affairs Weekly)

The German Government resents the charge that its policy has been expressly designed to bring about a disastrous fall in the value of the mark, for the purpose of obtaining a revision of Reparations claims. I do not question the personal sincerity of Chancellor Wirth. But we have too good reason to know that public policies do not always follow the intentions of those who guide them, and that concessions must be made to powerful interests outside the Government. Six months have now elapsed since Germany yielded to our last ultimatum, and not a pfennig of new taxes has been voted by the Reichstag. Not a step has been taken toward providing for the new burdens on the treasury or even for meeting the enormous deficit which previously existed. Is it not suspicious that since the acceptance of that ultimatum by Germany, its Minister of Finance, who should have been a vigorous leader in devising means for complying with its provisions, has been practically deprived of his authority? When people cite the fact that the currency of Poland and of Austria is still more depreciated than that of Germany, they forget that neither of those countries has experienced the industrial prosperity which Germany has of late enjoyed. Neither have their business men been able to pile up millions and millions of deposits in foreign banks. And even were we inclined to attribute Germany's situation to mere inertia, and to the disposition of its public men to shirk responsibility, would we not be brought to a pause by the vociferous way in which certain interests in that country have proclaimed the 'mark at two pfennig' as the doom of the whole Reparations policy?

There is no escaping the fact that Germany is itself at fault for the collapse of the mark. Beyond all question a combination of private interests and of short-sighted Machiavellism has propagated the opinion in certain circles that, by ruining the currency, Germany might evade its Reparations debts. We should bear in mind, however, that the preponderant opinion in Germany is quite aware of the folly of such a course. Most Germans see clearly that the decline of the mark, instead of freeing their country from its bur-

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dens, but adds to the distress. No nation can commit a fake suicide. The Allies know quite well that the vanishing value of Germany's circulating medium does not imply the disappearance of that country's natural wealth. Everyone knows that were Germany to say to-morrow that the condition of its exchange prevented it from fulfilling the London Ultimatum, it would be recalled to its sense of duty by a stern hand. The Entente would seize the Ruhr, a step that might precipitate civil war in Germany and perhaps destroy the Government. Great captains of industry, like Stinnes, Silverberg, and Hugenberg, who perhaps are dreaming of gathering about their industrial duchies the fragments of a bankrupt Empire, know that they themselves incur great risk of being drawn down in the common ruin. In any case they might have difficulty in convincing the German people that the policy which served their selfish ends was a policy of natural law.

The people already realize the disastrous consequences which have followed the wrecking of their currency. It has multiplied the riches of a few individuals, but impoverished the multitude. This policy of ruin is a two-edged sword, more dangerous to Germany than to the Allies. Within less than a month a great section of the people, especially the middle classes, already in acute distress, have found themselves deprived of nearly two thirds of their revenues; the price of food is mounting skyward; the importation of necessary commodities is checked. Behind these menacing clouds the nation already fancies it can see the intimidating spectres of famine and social revolt.

The newspapers continue to assert that the Reparations charges, unless they are lightened, will ultimately crush Germany. They appeal to Article 234 of the Peace Treaty, which authorizes temporary concessions in such instances. Simultaneously stern voices are heard on every hand, from the Conservatives as well as the Radicals, demanding that the Government take vigorous measures to stop the fall of the mark. Excellent measures, indeed, are suggested, but too late. Radical papers insist that back taxes be collected; that a check be put upon tax evasion by wealthy taxpayers; that imports and exports be more strictly controlled; that profits made by speculation in exchange be subject to confiscation; that credits be established abroad on the security of the funds held in other countries by German citizens. It has even been proposed to employ for this purpose the gold reserve of the Reichsbank, hitherto considered sacred.

Meanwhile, the Conservative press demands, first of all, that the Government put its own house in order; that it reduce administrative expenditures; that it stimulate production by abolishing equal wages for labor regardless of the qualifications of the worker; that piecework be introduced; that the legal eight-hour day be repealed.

Interest is centred at present upon the negotiations between the German Government and the representatives of German industry, for the purpose of securing a loan which will permit the Government to meet the Reparations payments now coming due. Certainly it is a remarkable sight — a Government treating with an association of large taxpayers who presume to fix for themselves the terms under which they will fulfill their obligations to the public treasury. For what is proposed is not voluntary and benevolent assistance on their part. The Government has been compelled to appeal to these taxpayers for the gold credits necessary to make its Reparations payments. It can only pay these by levying a loan upon private property, especially upon the

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property which has not declined in value with the depreciation of the currency. But the great captains of industry propose to substitute for such a loan imposed by the state, a sort of voluntary loan under terms which they themselves will prescribe, to take the form of a credit operation conducted through foreign banks. The Government will profit to the extent of securing the sums it requires sooner than it would by a direct tax on the real property of the contributors. Besides saving time the authorities would also avoid irritating disputes and the resistance of taxpayers.

So these negotiations are of direct interest to us in view of the importance of our next payments. But from a wider standpoint it makes little difference whether they succeed or fail. If they fall through, the Government will be forced to levy upon the real property of its capitalists to procure sums which it fails to procure through a voluntary loan. Germany's wealthy men, even the most reactionary of them, realize that one measure or the other is inevitable. They know that it will be best for them to manage the operation rather than leave it to the Government. Is it likely that they will omit so excellent an opportunity to increase their own political influence? It would almost seem so when we observe the brusque way in which they have demanded that the railways be turned over to them.

However that may be, the prospect is that Germany is about to learn again that she cannot avoid paying her Reparations debts. She certainly does not wish to become another Turkey, with a foreign-debt commission established in her midst. She will conclude that it is better to manage the thing herself than to leave it to be managed by others. But the spirit in which she fulfills her task is not a matter of indifference to us. We have yet to learn whether we are to deal with honest men, sincerely endeavoring to pay what is due, or with recalcitrant debtors against whom we must always be prepared to use constraint. It will be better for all if Germany makes an honest effort to fulfill her obligations.

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CAN GERMANY PULL THROUGH?

BY A BRITON IN BERLIN

From the *Review of Reviews, November–December*
(English Radical Liberal Bi-Monthly)

The month of October must be classed as one of the most serious through which Germany has lived since the Armistice. It saw, in the first place, a decline in the value of the mark, started by the intricate workings of Reparations finance and emphasized by the long-delayed decision on Upper Silesia. The fall in the mark — the decrease in its value was, roughly, about 50 per cent in the month — has brought and will bring a long list of evils in its train. Foreigners have been busy 'buying up' Germany's stocks of goods of all sorts; a scarcity will follow; the raw material for manufactures and the foreign food supplies necessary to fill up the gaps can only be acquired at greatly enhanced prices; the buying power of the people will be reduced; production will fall off; strikes will take place to force wages up to a level which will restore the capacity of the masses to buy; trade with Germany will become more difficult; the payment of Reparations will be a much more tremendous task; the German Budget will be thrown out of gear again.

That is one of the legacies which October has bequeathed to the months to come, and had that misfortune come alone it would have been serious enough. But with the Upper Silesian decision to aggravate the situation, October was black indeed.

The main points of that decision, already well known, may be emphasized: It gives to Poland 800,000 acres of historic German land; it takes from Germany 980,296 people in an area where, according to the plebiscite figures, there is only a small Polish majority, some 60,000 in a vote of more than 500,000; it makes Poland a country of 14,500,000 Poles and 12,500,000 non-Poles, of whom nearly 2,000,000 are Germans; Germany loses 100 per cent of the Upper Silesian zinc production, 86 per cent of the coal output of the province, 75 per cent of the lead supply, 70 per cent of the steel and 65 per cent of the iron manufactured in the region. Germany is stripped of property of enormous, almost incalculable value. And all by the League of Nations!

It is a heavy blow at Germany's economic structure and hopes of recovery. Germany did have some faith in the League; the Sapieha-cum-Korfanty spirit had been somewhat less rampant in Poland; the British view regarding the problem at issue was being advanced with increasing emphasis. Germany saw reason for hope. But she did not see that the odds were decidedly against her in a Commission of Four, of whom three were emphatically anti-German. Nearly all the peace terms and penalties have come as quick, or fairly quick, wrenches. But there was something Torquemada-like in the long delay in connection with Upper Silesia. Then the news of the decision trickled through from Switzerland in incomplete reports — a mixture of bad journalism and slipshod diplomacy — each telling a worse tale than the last. The writer has seen the effect of nearly all events in Germany since the Armistice, but not one of them has such a stunning

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effect as the verdict of Geneva — or should we say the 'judgment of Paris'? And we all know what the 'Judgment of Paris' led to!

The evils of that fiat of the Four are many. They admit by their verdict that the problem they had to face is one which ought never to have come up for 'solution.' They have done their task in a way which suggests the deliberate breaking of a valuable piece of china and the patching of it up again with badly placed rivets — all in the name of art! They draw a frontier on the political map; on the economic chart they leave it out. They make a borderline and then declare it is to be rubbed out for fifteen years. In short, the Four proclaimed that the province is a sensitive, indivisible industrial unit, and with this opinion on their lips, they split the region clumsily and unjustly in two.

The main part goes to the Poles, a people with a currency which has almost ceased to have any value, a race noted for its lack of industry, business ability, and the capacity for organization — deficiencies already playing havoc with the trade and industry left by the Germans in the province of Posen. The Germans are pushed back out of the greater part of the industrial 'triangle' they have made. On the one side is the thrill of triumph; on the other the despair of defeat. And the Four say. 'Negotiate in a friendly spirit'!

There are British and American experts who say that the economic arrangements will work, will go far to mitigate the difficulties caused by the drawing of the political frontier, and will enable Germany, with her superior business and industrial skill, to retain command of the 'triangle.' But those who have traveled and traded on the Continent know those political frontiers, know how, when every interest demands they should be kept as open as possible, they are kept tightly sealed. And the Poles have, in their previous dealings with Germany, shown little of the spirit of reasonableness and conciliation. That two bitter opponents will make the scheme work as they say it must, or even work at all, is exceedingly hard to believe.

Geneva has, unfortunately, done by far the worst disservice to peace and to the ideal of the League of Nations achieved since the Armistice. And a disservice has been done, too, to Poland. The Entente, by sins of omission and commission, has really been making the position of Poland a highly dangerous one. The country was permitted to embroil itself with Russia; Zeligowski remains at Vilna increasing and consolidating Lithuanian antagonism; the treatment of Germans in the Danzig corridor and in Posen began a state of unfriendliness toward Poland's great western neighbor which culminated in hatred caused by the Korfanty filibustering raid into Upper Silesia. Poland, which lies between two great countries which can both be highly dangerous enemies, should have been encouraged and assisted to reach the friendliest possible terms with both. Instead, she has been encouraged to fly in their faces. The country, which most of all countries in Europe needed to settle down quietly, has been the busiest wager of war in the world since the Armistice. Russia regards Poland with feelings which portend sufficient peril; but of her own deliberate acts, mainly, she has won for herself a degree of hostility on the part of Germany which will be a constant trouble and danger to herself and Europe. The makeshift, stop-gap decision has roused a tremendously deep sense of sheer injustice in the German mind and it is difficult to see how anything apart from a complete revision of the verdict can mend matters.

It is significant that the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, a strong Conserva-

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tive journal proclaiming the views of Herr Hugo Stinnes, monarch of German industrials, printed a map of the Upper Silesia of the Geneva decision, and gave it the title: 'A New Alsace-Lorraine.' To indicate and emphasize the wrong done to Upper Silesia, a German Conservative paper admits the half-century wrong done to Alsace-Lorraine!

Turn to Germany. Everybody must deeply regret that, so early in its career, the League of Nations should be responsible for a decision which must go far toward killing the faith which Germany has in that institution and in the ideal it represents. But almost equally bad is the political effect of the decision in Germany, where parliamentary government is just struggling to its feet. Before the decision was made known, Dr. Wirth was engaged in negotiations with the various political parties for the purpose of bringing about a coalition 'from Scheidemann to Stressmann' — a *bloc* of the Majority Socialists, the Centre Catholics, the Democrats, and the Conservative People's Party.

He was approaching fairly near to success; the parties were showing a common sense which was a happy augury; a solid government might have been brought into being which would have been an excellent thing for Germany. Her problems would have been dealt with by an administration of great authority and unequaled power. Even had success in the negotiations not been wholly achieved, they had certainly introduced into German political life a new and welcome moderation. The working together of four parties, representing capital and labor to a very full extent, would have been an admirable thing for German political progress, for the general tranquillity of the country, and for the peace of Europe.

But the decision on Upper Silesia blew the prospect sky-high. Parliamentary governments are much too sensitive plants in Germany to stand up against such a decision and the tempest aroused by it. The resignation of Dr. Wirth was followed by a rebirth of the infantile squabbling and petty jealousies which German party politics will have to get rid of before the Fatherland is really safe for democracy or anything like it.

Even the Democrats were demoralized so thoroughly that they stood out for a policy of defiance of the decision and of running the risk of serious pains and penalties. Not only was the prospect of the larger coalition wrecked, but the three-party coalition which existed up to then was destroyed and a weak government had to be brought into existence hurriedly at a time of serious national emergency. Too much stress, of course, need not be laid upon the exhibition of lack of the sense of responsibility and the want of real patriotic feeling which was unfortunately shown during the days of crisis. Politically Germany is young.

But the point is that parliamentary government in Germany cannot stand many more such crises. It has been badly shaken by this one and each one tends to weaken it, to jerk the German people toward the Right and reaction, to discredit democracy, and to encourage the advocates of a return to something like the old régime.

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SPORT IN CENTRAL AFRICA

BY PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN

[Prince William, the younger son of the King of Sweden, has just returned from a hunting trip through Central Africa. The animals that he killed are to be given to the Riksmuseum, Stockholm.]

From the *Times*, *November* 20, 21
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

EVER since the winter of 1913–14, when I was staying in the plains around Nairobi, shooting big game, I had had an intense desire to see something more of that wonderful man-devouring Africa. That great Continent had for years defied explorers and scientists, taken the life of many a daring pioneer, and, even in our days, it still conceals many of its secrets behind the dark fastnesses of its impenetrable jungle, its death-dealing fever belts.

I had planned an expedition to Central Africa for the year 1916–17. But the war came between. It was only this year that my plan could be carried out. I meant to penetrate to the heart of the great Continent, the country around Lake Kivu, with its fantastic volcanoes and little-known fauna. The only scientific exploration made of those districts was that of the Duke of Mecklenburg, and much still remained to be done especially as regards zoölogy. After accomplishing this I intended to push farther north, to the west of the lakes, and gradually make my way to the Nile, returning to civilization by the Sudan and Egypt.

As my own collection of hunting trophies was already considerable, I meant this time to collect specimens for the Swedish National Museum. What more natural than that my friend, Count Nils Gyldenstolpe, first assistant of the museum's department for vertebrates, should join me, as to me the sciences are *terra incognita*. He was to be the scientific member of the expedition, and he took with him an English taxidermist, Mr. Ruddle. To secure perhaps more 'visible' records of our doings we arranged to take with us Mr. O. Olsson, of a Swedish filming firm, who was to take films of the expedition.

It thus came to pass that the four of us found ourselves by the beginning of this year in Nairobi, busily engaged in making the necessary preparations for our long *safari* [journey].

On January 8 the expedition started for Entebbe, our first stage. Thence our baggage was sent on by motor to Masaka, where we were to start our exploration. We were joined there by Mr. Carr, as the white hunter, the man Newland-Tarlton had furnished, had withdrawn. From Masaka, on the west side of Victoria Nyanza, we marched off to the southwest, through the fertile regions of western Uganda, which before the rinderpest was a land of abundant big game. But now hardly any game at all is met with there. A fortnight later the expedition reached Kabale, the idyllic little frontier station high up in the mountains, in Uganda's southwestern corner.

Up and down, rising and falling, twisting and turning went our path. Woodclad or grass-grown slopes, which seemed like great mounds, but were in reality high hills, met us on all sides.

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Here and there glittered a bright lake, dotted with muffin-like islets and bordered by serpentine inlets and creeks or spreading away into the distance in endless marshes, but everywhere alive with wildfowl and otters gamboling in the sunshine.

We crossed the Bunyonyi in canoes, passed Bufundi and Chuya, and reached Behungi at the extremity of the mountain range which forms the boundary of the great African Rift Valley. Our aneroid marked 8000 feet. It was cold and windy. But below us lay our goal: the grand crater-dotted Mfumbiro Plain, in which tower three giants — Muhavura, Mgahinga, and Sabinio. There they stand in a row, like three giant sugar loaves, with heavy clouds hanging about their tops. They are extinct, dead, but continue to mount guard on the heart of Africa.

Behind them looms Mikeno's pointed summit, and next to it, like a dark gray monk with a white skull cap on his head, Mount Karissimbi. To the right shines Mutanda's mirror-like lake, and on the left the more agitated waters of Chahafis and Mulero, lit up by the setting sun. The whole forms a picture of wonderful beauty, overpowering in its titanic proportions, and certainly unrivaled in the world for its grandeur. We were bound for those mountains, the shores of those lakes. A few days later we were sitting shivering in a damp blast in our first mountain camp, on the slope between Muhavura and Mgahinga.

On that and other slopes below Sabinio we now for some time set energetically to work collecting specimens. Everything that came within the reach of our rifles or fell into our traps was carefully stored. It was the principal aim of our expedition to bring back to Europe as complete a collection as possible of the fauna of the country. The animal life here seemed, however, less varied than might have been expected. The species were relatively few and not very numerously represented. Elephants, buffalos, bushbucks, leopards, apes, were, generally speaking, the larger four-footed animals met with, while the birds consisted chiefly of ravens, eagles, snipe, and numerous kinds of honey birds.

Hunting on these heights is difficult and fatiguing, owing to the nature of the ground. The mountain sides are steep, often precipitous, almost perpendicular toward the summit, and are separated by deep ravines. The thick vegetation grows into a perfect tangle. Bamboos, climbing plants and creepers, and broad-leaved cacti are interwoven into a hopeless entanglement, through which one can only advance by cutting one's way step by step. To approach wild game in such circumstances is well-nigh impossible, and in nine cases out of ten you catch but a glimpse of a twitching tail or the pricking up of an ear before the quarry is gone. To follow a trail is also very difficult, as the fresher the trail is the more cautious one must be, and it generally happens that the huntsman, crawling like a worm through the tangled undergrowth, is unable at the critical moment to raise his gun to fire before it is too late. If you add to this that the clayey soil, softened by frequent showers and undried in the shade, which the sun cannot penetrate, is very slippery, you can understand that hunting in these regions is not an unmixed pleasure.

Nevertheless, we made good bags, and the first three mountain gorillas of our collection, now growing rapidly, were bagged on the slopes of Sabinio.

Carr and I attempted once to climb to the top of Muhavura from the west. The ascent is usually made from the south and east, but we preferred to make it from a point where it had not been attempted before, and started one

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morning directly from our camp on the slope. A minimum of baggage was confided to a few bearers, who, being promised a rich reward, consented to go with us and spend the night at the top. The climb seemed easy enough at first, but became steeper and steeper at every step, so that one had finally to swing one's self up from tree to tree to maintain a foothold. Gradually, however, the vegetation became rarer and the liana entanglements of the lower slope were succeeded by curious short-stemmed, broad-leaved *senecios* [giant groundsel] and giant lobelias; open spaces covered with moss and heather appeared here and there. Late in the afternoon we reached Mgahinga's sunken and overgrown crater, by which we camped. That was a cold night. The wind blew damp blasts and swept a misty veil all around. How the half-naked bearers did not perish with cold is a wonder.

The mountain top rose perpendicularly above us. Shivering with cold, we made an attempt to climb it next morning, but had to come to a dead stop a few hundred yards from the top. To accomplish the rest of the climb would require a proper outfit of pickaxes, ladders, and ropes. To go round it proved equally impracticable. We had to give it up and slide down again to more accessible regions, which we did in a couple of hours.

The tribes of the neighborhood say that heaven lies at Muhavura's top, which is the abode of the blessed, while the condemned are cast into Namlagira's burning crater. After the fearful cold we had suffered up there, Carr and I agreed that we would prefer the latter place, where one at least could get warm.

It would take too long to refer in detail to the wanderings of the expedition among the different volcanoes. We ended by crossing the Kongolese frontier at Bogandana, where two worthy Belgian officers, whom the Government had kindly sent to join us, took charge of the recruiting of carriers and procuring of provisions for us, and helped us in every way by word and deed as long as we were on Belgian territory.

In a broad semicircle we went round north of Sabinio and Mikeno, leaving Namlagira in full activity and the half-extinct Ninagongo on our right, passed immense barren lava plains, till at length we reached the northern extremity of Lake Kivu — Africa's heart.

Lake Kivu lies opal-tinted, glittering, smiling invitingly. High soft mountain ranges surround it on all sides, varying in color from dark green to violet blue. A more beautiful setting for a precious stone no jeweler could imagine. The lava streams run to the water's edge in even undulating surfaces. On the shore trees mirror their tops in the crystalline waters. No reed-growth or papyrus, no marshy outlines, nothing but the clear wide expanse of glittering surface, where delicately shaped canoes with long bowsprits glide gently among the rose-colored Kwijwiji islands in the background. In these crystal waters one can bathe to one's heart's content. They are free of crocodiles or other water vermin.

My tent is pitched at a few yards from the shore, where the waters come rippling and splashing against the pebbles. The breezes blow in softly from afar. Numberless butterflies flutter in the sunshine. The scent of flowers is wafted from the glades. Not a human being anywhere. A few tumbled-down huts, with burnt roofs and gaping sides, bear witness to what the place once was — an idyllic little Belgian outpost on the Ruanda frontier. But war broke out in Europe and short-sighted leaders allowed its horrors to spread even to Africa. White killed black and black killed white, and desolation spread everywhere. Ngoma was plundered,

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burnt, abandoned, and has never revived. The ruined defenses on the heights, numerous graves in the plain, remind one of bloody encounters and bitter strife, of race hatred and national enmities.

Ngoma was the most southerly point of our expedition. Thence we turned back to the volcano districts once more and devoted our energies to the exploration of the Mikeno-Karissimbi group. The Belgian Government had generously given us a license to shoot fourteen gorillas. To our great satisfaction we were able to bag this lot. They were animals of both sexes and all ages. Our museum's gorilla exhibits will be the finest in the world.

How should one shoot gorillas? One must, to begin with, have strong legs and a stout heart. Few animals give the huntsman sterner work. You must tramp about on the steep hillsides, clatter down steep ravines, and climb up on the opposite side, till you come upon a fresh trail. Then you must creep and crawl, balance yourself from tree to tree, endeavor to imitate the movements of the quarry you are pursuing. With good luck, after a day-long pursuit, you may find yourself in the midst of a chattering group, of which you may bring down one or two ere the rest, with deafening screams and the rush of an avalanche, dart away through the woods, uprooting young trees and tearing away branches in their precipitous flight. They generally fly before man, and only turn when wounded. Then they rise on two legs and rush madly at their foe; otherwise they rarely quit their four-footed attitude.

I must say, however, that the only gorilla I shot personally behaved somewhat differently. He rushed at me, with lightning rapidity, before I had fired. But I believe this was to defend his retreating comrades. He was a sturdy old male, bent on repulsing the intruder, and doubtless ignorant of the danger he was incurring. I felt bound to enlighten him, and above all, put a stop to his experimenting on me. Besides, there was not much time to deliberate. The beast had burst through the bush within a few feet from me. A .350 magnum bullet, right through his lungs, put an end to the old fellow's life. He was a white-haired giant and weighed nearly four hundred pounds.

After about two months spent in collecting specimens in the volcanic district, the expedition proceeded slowly northwards to the plains round the Rutchuru and Ruindi rivers, south of Lake Edward. Here we found again sunshine and warmth, which unstiffened our limbs, cramped by the raw and damp air of the mountains.

It has been said that this part of the country is the richest in game in Africa. I doubt it. Besides the fact that the abundance of game along the high road Rutshuri-Kabaret — especially in the latter district — has been greatly diminished during the war, when the black troops lived principally on the game of this great centre, one might think that the more distant tracks, such as the western frontier districts, which were not overrun by bloodthirsty sharp-shooting *askaris*, would still present the same game standard as before 1914. This is not so. There is still a good deal of game, no doubt, but I do not think that the amount of game per square mile is anything like what it used to be in British East Africa. At least that was my impression.

The place is nevertheless an El Dorado for the huntsman, although the relative number of species represented is limited. These are principally lions, leopards, buffalos, waterbuck, topi, Uganda Cobb, reedbuck, bushbuck, waterhog; in the rivers hippopotamus; in the woods apes and baboons; more rarely elephants. The herds of topi

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are fantastically numerous. One can meet with herds numbering from several hundred to over a thousand. Lions are also abundant. We had great sport with them. More than twenty fell to our guns within a few weeks. Among them many a fine male.

I remember especially one night when we saw no fewer than fifteen lions gathered round the animal we had set out as a lure. There was only one male, with a black mane almost trailing to the ground. Round him was his harem of lionesses and cubs. One heard a murmur of deep suppressed growls and crunching teeth as they tore the flesh from the bones of the lure between their jaws. When the great lion finally moved a little away from the gluttonous assembly he received my shot in his side. In sudden fright the whole lot rushed toward the stone shelter behind which I stood, one lioness dashing at the barrel of my gun sticking out through the loophole and almost tearing my rifle from my hands. But the pride was evidently starving; they returned again and again to their prey, regardless of our repeated firing. In the morning eight lions lay dead on the ground before our shooting-shelter.

If I had anything to say in the matter I should recommend the Kongo authorities to prohibit the shooting of big game in this district for some time. The natural limits of the preserve are the Rutchuru river to the east, the mountain range to the south and west, and Lake Edward to the north. The land and its fauna are so typically African that it would be a pity if they were destroyed. It is the only part of Africa where game is still plentiful. The Kongo has, indeed, its game laws, but how are these adhered to? Unless each district is specially protected against all comers, against every sportsman, whatever his mission or aims, these prohibitions are ineffectual. A white overseer established in each district should see to the proper protection of bipeds as well as four-footed animals. There is, perhaps, no immediate danger of their being exterminated, but as facilities of communication increase, the greater will be the danger of indiscriminate shooting. If some measure is not taken in the near future I fear that this paradise of wild animal life will end like many another and become empty and lifeless. This would be a crime, a desecration of one of the beauties of nature.

It now became a difficult matter to carry the expedition over Lake Edward, encumbered as it was with the large amount of heavy specimens it had collected. It was a tedious operation, requiring several journeys backwards and forwards. The canoes used are not particularly seaworthy vessels, and the canoe-men dread the sudden thunderstorms that often burst over the lake. Much of our baggage got wet, some of our specimens were lamentably injured. But at last, in the beginning of May, we were all safely assembled at Beni, four days' march north of the lake and to the west of Ruwenzori's snow-clad heights. There we met with new difficulties, as we found it impossible to obtain a sufficient number of bearers. Thanks to the energetic efforts of the two Belgian officers, however, the difficulty was at last overcome, and the long march northward, toward Irumu and Ituri was begun.

It proved a most fatiguing and monotonous tramp, through endless virgin forest, part of the great equatorial forest range. Day after day we tramped through high grass under the shadow of giant trees, crossing rapids here and there. The rainy season had now set in. At times an arm of the Semliki would skirt our path, while the giant range of the Ruwenzori was never out of sight. There were lots of birds and apes, but

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little of any other game. Now and then we saw a herd of elephants, but far out of range. This is due to the ivory hunters, who have rendered them shy. We tramped to exhaustion after okapis, but saw nothing but their traces. But we shot one of the large and rare forest pigs.

Until quite recent years the natives of these tracts were reputed for their savage character and cannibal propensities. Fearful orgies were frequent among them, and it was unsafe to venture into their country without a strong escort. Now they are tamed, and it does not enter into the head of a Wambuba to seek to injure a white man. They live their indolent life in the woods wherever clearings create open spaces for their villages. In limited areas round their huts the soil is cultivated with very primitive tools or even by hand. But the soil is fertile, and sufficient is harvested for their small requirements without much labor.

We also came in contact with the Wambutti forest tribes. They are dwarfs of a very low culture level. Their huts consist of a loosely knit skeleton of bamboos covered with branches and dry leaves. Utensils of any kind are unknown. A knife and very primitive earthenware are all they can boast of. The men are, however, wonderful huntsmen. Thanks to their small spare body and great agility they move rapidly through the bush. Spears are rarely seen among them. They are entirely dependent on their bows and poisoned arrows, but their ability with them is extraordinary. They live entirely on the produce of their chase. When game becomes rare they are exposed to starvation.

The expedition spent about a month in these forests west of the Semliki. When the fertile plains and low mounds about Irumu appeared, we rejoiced at having again a clear view and the sky above us instead of the low canopy and damp shade of the forest.

It had originally been our intention to continue northward through Uele to shoot white rhinoceros and giant eland and then from Aba make for the Nile. But a sudden case of illness among us obliged us to linger in Irumu and delayed us so long that the heavy rainy season had meantime set in, in the Northern Provinces. The roads then became impassable, the grass so high that sport was out of the question and we decided therefore to give up this part of our plan and make our way eastward to Lake Albert.

During the two months of our enforced stay at Irumu we made frequent excursions in the neighborhood, adding greatly to our collections. The forests to the west proved especially rich in booty and the fit members of the expedition found plenty to do.

At last, in the beginning of September, we were able to move on, this time decidedly homeward bound. In spite of the friendliness and hospitality which had been shown us in such large measure at the Belgian station, not one of us but was glad to resume our wanderings. At Kassenyi, on the shores of Lake Albert, we parted with our Belgian friends and stepped on to British territory as we boarded the little paddle-wheeled steamer, Samuel Baker.

The rest of the expedition's journey lay within comparatively well-known regions. I may say in brief that we safely reached Nimule, where, thanks to the kind intervention of the Sudan Government, the Governor of Mongalla met us with five hundred carriers and accompanied us to Rejaf.

As there seems to be some doubt as to the distance in days' march from Nimule to Rejaf, and as the guide-books are either silent on the subject or contain erroneous computations, I may state that the distance was covered in

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seven days' march at the rate of respectively 11, 15, 16, 12, 8, 16, and 14 miles per day. Many comfortable resting-places are met with which render the carrying of tents unnecessary. The roads are good, easy-going, and suitable for motor-cycles. To obtain carriers one should write in good time to the District Commissioner at Mongalla or the Mamur at Nimule, as the country is but thinly populated and the requisition of carriers must often be made from great distances. At the time of our passage, in the middle of August, the sleeping-sickness fly was not embarrassing. I myself did not see a single case. But the heat was very great and our start had always to be made at 3 or 4 A.M.

On a comfortable Nile boat, which after our long roughing seemed like a first-class hotel on the Riviera, we arrived at Khartum, and there reached civilization. The result of our expedition must be considered very satisfactory. Our collections, which are still on their way home, comprise about a thousand mammals, two thousand birds, five to six thousand insects, and divers other specimens.

GARDILHOU'S MELONS

BY ANDRÉ LAMANDÉ

From *L'Écho de Paris, October* 13
(CLERICAL DAILY)

ONE night in September two melons were stolen from the garden of Gardilhou, whom they used to call Gardilhou le Cardinalice on account of his big red nose. There were prints of wooden shoes in the earth leading from his garden about two hundred metres to the garden of Sémery. Gardilhou needed nothing else to induce him to accuse his neighbor of theft. The two men squabbled over the affair and filled the village with so much gossip and ill feeling and contradictory stories that the whole case had to be properly tried and judged at the court at Gourdon.

And so one Sunday morning, freshly shaved, blinking his eyes in his round face, and lifting his gleaming red nose on high, Gardilhou went to hunt up his lawyer, explained the case, charged his adversary with frightful crimes, and altogether showed himself more eager for vengeance than for justice. The lawyer listened in silence and did not interrupt him except by little grunts from time to time in which you could discern a profound pessimism. As a matter of fact, that was the way he usually received his clients. He always showed himself inclined to be doubtful so that when the case was tried his cleverness and his eloquence should burst on them like a clap of thunder and he could extract a good fat payment.

'Hum! *Mon ami,* your case does not seem very good to me. Of course, there is a presumption against Sémery, but there is no positive proof. Do you understand?'

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Gardilhou, blinking his little green eyes, came up close to the lawyer, and said with an air of great certainty: 'What is that you say, *monsieur l'avocat?* I am sure I'll win my case. I know how to do it.'

'Ah!'

'*Mais oui!* The hunting season is open —'

'Well, what of it?'

'I am a good shot, you know.'

'No doubt.'

'Well — this week I'll do my best to kill a rabbit, some partridges, and even some pheasants. The gentlemen in the city like them very much.'

The lawyer tapped Gardilhou on the shoulder. 'My friend, we were talking about melons.'

Then Gardilhou, clucking a little, which was his way of laughing, said: 'For a lawyer, monsieur, you have n't much imagination, it seems to me. You listen! I shall use that rabbit for a bribe. I'll send a hamper of fowls to the president of the court —'

The lawyer interrupted hurriedly. 'You idiot! That is the very best way to lose your case.'

'You mean to win it.'

'No, to lose it, I tell you, to lose it and my reputation, too. Don't you know that the judge, M. de Fleurfontaine, is of scrupulous honesty? It's no use trying to win him over, or to bribe him. Any gift that you might send him would turn him against us and at the very same time would make him indulgent toward the defendant. Not only would he refuse to eat your rabbit, but he would be prejudiced against you for having sent it. My friend, —' He warmed up to his work as if he thought he were pleading at the bar, and he waved his arms wildly. 'My friend, you trust me. I am clever enough for the job. I never knew a case yet where my eloquence failed. The case you have given me to-day is especially difficult, I won't hide that, but no matter, I'll study it to the bottom. I'll look up the laws that are favorable to us. I'll show the court the very least details of the theft. I'll amaze the judges, and I'll carry them with me. Only don't send that hamper of fowls. You leave it to me and you won't lose.'

Gardilhou's face expanded in a broad grin. 'Good, good, *monsieur l'avocat!* Don't worry! I have an idea of my own.'

'An idea of your own! What do you want to say?'

'Nothing. I feel pretty sure about it. *Au revoir!*'

The day of the trial came. The argument was warm and the oratorical battle seemed to be without any end. The lawyers appealed to the memory of Horace over those two stolen melons, and they evoked the memories of Cantaloup, the ancient city of the popes. M. de Fleurfontaine presided over the debates with greatest dignity and finally Gardilhou won his case.

'My friend,' said the lawyer, a few minutes later, 'did n't I tell you so? I never lose a case no matter how difficult it is. A good lawyer, just like the general of an army, ought to have a tactical plan which suits him and which consists of just what Napoleon wanted, meeting your opponent on ground of your own choice, and so I —'

But Gardilhou interrupted him with a jeer. 'Well, you talked well enough, *monsieur l'avocat*, but your eloquence did n't do so much good as my rabbit.'

'What? Did you send that?'

'Yes, *monsieur l'avocat*. I even added three partridges, tender, and done to a turn, and a pheasant too, and —'

'Ah,' said the lawyer, 'are you laughing at me? You sent that hamper of fowls to M. de Fleurfontaine, the judge?'

The peasant enjoyed his triumph in

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silence: 'Of course I did, *monsieur l'avocat*. I certainly did n't send it to the Grand Duke —'

'But he did n't send it back and you won your suit! I don't understand. Come, come! You 're joking.'

Gardilhou put his big red nose close to the astonished face of his defender, and said in his thin, high-pitched voice, 'Well, don't you understand? I did send that hamper of fowls to M. de Fleurfontaine only —'

'Only what?'

'Only I sent it in the name of the defendant, that old rogue of a Sémery. Well — do you understand now?'

ON THE EVE OF THE TRAGEDY. IV

BY M. SASONOF

From *La Revue de France, November* 15
(Paris Literary and Political Semi-Monthly)

In July 1914, on the very day when President Poincaré and M. Viviani arrived in St. Petersburg, General Souchomlinoff, the Tsar's Minister of War, said to my old friend Nicholas Vasily, of the Russian Foreign Office: — 'If the disaster of a war — which God avert! — befalls us, it will come at the worst possible moment for my country. Our artillery must be completely refitted. It will take four or five years, at least, to bring that arm of the service up to date. Germany has got so far ahead of us in military preparation, as a result of the recent addition to its standing army, the strengthening of its fortresses on the eastern frontier, and its improved arrangements for mobilization, that we shall have great difficulty in recovering the ground we have lost, if, indeed, we are ever able to do so.'

Unhappily, this observation was only too true. Russia was ill prepared for war. Its Black Sea fleet had been neglected until it was inferior even to the Turkish fleet, which had been reorganized and reëquipped by German experts. The Russian Foreign Office and the Navy Office were appalled by the situation. Far-seeing men knew that if war occurred, Russia must try to seize the Dardanelles at once, in order to prevent being isolated from her western allies. But she must have a clear superiority on the sea to accomplish this. Arrangements had been made for building two additional dreadnoughts, but they would not be completed before 1917.

At 11 P.M., on July 23, President Poincaré and M. Viviani, at that time Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, left Kronstadt following their official visit to the Tsar. That very evening the Austrian ambassador at Belgrade was instructed to hand his country's ultimatum to Serbia. The moment had been shrewdly chosen, so that the news could not reach St. Petersburg until after the French statesmen had departed. At the very last moment Berlin asked Vienna to postpone the hour for delivering the ultimatum. This is definitely proved by German documents. The Cabinets at Berlin and Vienna

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were plotting together, like two accomplices preparing some shady crime.

The contents of the ultimatum reached St. Petersburg during the following night, and early on the morning of Friday, July 24, a correspondent of a French journal hastened to the First Secretary of the French Embassy, who was sleeping soundly after his heavy social duties at Kronstadt, from whence he had returned at 2 A.M. Rousing this official from his heavy slumber the journalist showed him a morning paper containing the full text of Austria's demands.

The secretary, who was planning to leave that day for his vacation, rubbed his eyes uncomprehendingly at first — fancying that what he saw must be a dream.

M. Paléologue, the ambassador, was an early riser. Already he had learned the substance of the ultimatum by telephone. All were agreed that the Austrian note was a direct thrust at Russia, whose moral as well as material interests were attacked. The Russians themselves, with their temperamental opportunism and dislike of anticipating trouble, were stunned with surprise.

Naturally, the first question was, what had induced Austria to take such a violent step. Was that country acting on its own initiative, or at the instigation of Berlin? On two previous occasions Austria had seriously considered risking a war to bolster up its shaken prestige in the Balkans. Both times Germany prevented this. If Berlin had now reversed its previous policy, and was encouraging war instead of preventing it, a tragedy was certain.

Face to face with this imminent peril, every thinking Russian was disturbed — many were in panic. None was ignorant of the formidable power of Germany. All knew that Russia was not ready for war, above all a war against Austria and Germany together.

Berlin and Vienna were only too well aware of Russia's unpreparedness. They concluded that their neighbor would accept the inevitable in order to avoid a disaster, and let Austria crush Serbia. If, contrary to their expectations, Russia took up arms, the war would be fought under conditions more favorable to the Central Powers than were likely to occur later.

A few days earlier a high official of the Russian Foreign Office was walking in St. Petersburg with the Austrian military attaché. They discussed possible complications in the Balkans. Half-seriously, half-jokingly, the Austrian said to the Russian: —

'We are sure that your attitude will be pacific.'

'Why so?' asked the Russian.

'Because your country is not in a condition to fight. Your armament is incomplete. Moreover, a war would precipitate a revolution.'

In vain did the Russian diplomat try to persuade his companion that this was a mistake; that a war to defend Serbia would rally every man in the Tsar's dominion to the colors and make revolution impossible. The Austrian persisted in his opinion.

From the very beginning, responsible statesmen and officials in Russia, including the Tsar, exerted themselves to the utmost to prevent a conflict in which they had every reason to fear defeat. The pacifism of Nicholas was generally recognized; and this Foreign Minister, was, if possible, even more a pacifist than his sovereign.

On the afternoon of the same day, Sir G. Buchanan, the British ambassador, and myself joined M. Paléologue at the French Embassy. We discussed the whole situation at luncheon. This was a critical interview. It has been reported fully in the diplomatic documents of the three powers there represented. In addition the actors

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themselves, or their immediate collaborators, have told the story with all the movement and color and life of the incident itself.

I was violently agitated. I said: 'Austria would never dare to take such a step if she did not know that Germany was behind her.' I turned toward our French ally, and then toward our English friend. I felt sure of the unreserved support of the former. I was less sure of help from the second. I asked the British representative for a formal declaration of his Government's attitude.

The English ambassador was in a most difficult position. It was not a question of convincing him personally. He saw clearly what was behind the cards. Since Germany was threatening war, the only way to bring Berlin to a pause was to declare at the outset that England would intervene. But it would be no slight task to win the radical Cabinet at London over to such a policy. The British Ministry was composed of pacifists and idealists. Public opinion in England was ill informed and apathetic regarding the Balkans. The people did not realize that war was on the threshold. Therefore, the British ambassador was forced to adopt a more or less equivocal attitude.

. . . Paléologue saw clearly from the outset Germany's bold determination to force hostilities. Only Russia's complete capitulation could prevent that. Such a surrender was impossible. Consequently, there was no alternative but to prepare for the worst, neglecting in the meantime nothing which might at the last moment preserve peace. First and foremost England must be persuaded; for a firm indication of its intentions was the only thing that might still hold Germany in check.

About eight o'clock that evening, Paléologue called on me again, just at the moment when Count Pourtales, the German ambassador, was leaving my office. He found me deeply moved by the interview. Pourtales had just told me that Germany would support its ally through thick and thin.

Austria had already begun military preparations. The Russian General Staff was fully informed of these measures through its army of secret agents. Therefore the Russian Government decided to withdraw secretly some forty million rubles deposited in German banks. The mere fact that these deposits existed, shows how pacific Russia's intentions were. Had she been plotting war her rulers obviously would not have left so large a sum in the possession of their prospective enemy. However, the decision to withdraw these deposits was made only after long deliberation. The Russians feared that this action might increase tension between the two countries.

I at once made representations at Vienna, in the hope of securing an extension of the time allowed Serbia to reply to the ultimatum. On the following day Germany's ambassadors at Paris and London protested against the intervention of a third power in the Austro-Serbian conflict. This merely added to the general disquiet. A council of war was held at Krasnoie-Selo, where it was decided to arrange for the mobilization of thirteen army corps to be employed if necessary against Austria. Meantime, I had advised the Government of Serbia to ask for the mediation of Great Britain.

On the same day the Tsar issued a preliminary order for mobilization in the districts of Kiev, Odessa, Kazan, and Moscow.

Meanwhile, the General Staff of Austria-Hungary pushed forward its military preparations at the utmost speed. Russia was compelled to consider measures of defense. Its lack of railways made it necessary to take such meas-

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ures in time. The Tsar and his advisers, anxious not to give any pretext for intervening, planned a partial mobilization directed against Austria-Hungary alone.

But at once a serious difficulty arose. A partial mobilization, if actually carried out, would interfere seriously with a general mobilization, were that to become necessary. The subject was debated at length at a war council held at 5 P.M. on Tuesday, July 28, at the residence of General Janoushchevich, chief of the General Staff, at which General Souchomlinoff, the Minister of War, and myself, were present. I have before me as I write an interesting memorandum giving the full details of this meeting.

As every military man knows, a partial mobilization can be only carried out by calling each reservist individually, and by requisitioning horses locally, so as to avoid transporting them a long distance by rail. To put the matter in its simplest terms, each unit must assemble in its own neighborhood, including its men and the equipment indispensable to place it on a war basis. Now the population of the western districts of Russia is very sparse. In these districts horses are scarce and of small size. Consequently, an army corps cannot be equipped properly without drawing supplies from the eastern part of the country. If this were done, and the horses were already *en route* by rail when a general mobilization was ordered, the result would be to paralyze the railways, so that the troop trains could not move according to schedule. This would throw the entire mobilization into confusion and make a speedy mustering of forces practically impossible. In a word, mobilization must be carried out all at once or not at all. To try to mobilize by sections would wreck the whole scheme. That was the way the situation presented itself at the council I mention.

Furthermore, this great question affected not only Russia but also France. When the alliance between these two nations was concluded, their general staffs drafted a military convention. One of the first cares of the French generals was to assure themselves that Russia's mobilization would enable her to strike at Germany as well as Austria. Some of the Russian commanders were only too willing to direct the bulk of their forces against Austria-Hungary, anticipating easy victories in that quarter. However, France consistently and vigorously opposed all such plans. So there was a diplomatic as well as a military complication in the question thus presented.

On Sunday, July 26, I had an interview with the Austro-Hungarian ambassador, Count Szapary. It gave me a ray of hope. By this time the most serious threat was from the direction of Germany instead of its southern neighbor.

On Tuesday, July 28, the Austro-Hungarian Government ordered a general mobilization. At three o'clock Pourtales informed me that if Russia did not cease its military preparations Germany would be forced to mobilize also.

This brings us to the crisis, to the climax of the drama. At eight o'clock, Vasily was sent by me to the French Embassy. That gentleman was immediately received by our ambassador. He informed the latter that the Russian Government, faced by a general mobilization of the Austrian army, had decided to take two important steps: (1) To mobilize immediately thirteen army corps against Austria; (2) To begin a general mobilization.

As soon as these two decisions were made, the Russian Government hastened to notify our representative in order that he might immediately inform his Government. At the same time he urged that the general mobilization be

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kept secret, until it could be officially announced, since it was likely to cause great excitement in Germany. As the telegrams between St. Petersburg and Paris crossed Germany, it was necessary to be very careful to prevent a premature disclosure. If the French ciphers were not absolutely secret, Vasily proposed that a telegram be sent in the Russian ciphers, which were very complicated and difficult, and which the Germans did not in his opinion understand.

The offer was accepted. A secretary of the ambassador left with Vasily for the Russian Foreign Office.

While the message was being put in cipher, Vasily came back in great haste saying: 'Send only the first part. Leave out the general mobilization. The order for it has been recalled. We have decided to delay it.'

At the same moment the French military attaché brought identical information. The ambassador's secretary was greatly embarrassed. He had been ordered by his chief to send a certain telegram to Paris. Should he send it in any case? Or should he listen to the Russians, who knew best what was actually occurring. Then I personally confirmed the fact that a general mobilization had been postponed. The secretary was convinced. He sent only the first part of the telegram to Paris.

What had actually happened? During the afternoon the Tsar had telegraphed to the Kaiser, proposing to submit the whole Serbian controversy to the arbitration tribunal at The Hague. He had ordered his Ministers to postpone mobilization until he received a reply to this telegram, which, by the way, the Germans carefully kept out of their White Book. His ministers obeyed. But they kept busily at work so as to be ready to start the mobilization betimes next day, if the order were withdrawn.

The Tsar sent his telegram to the Kaiser on his own initiative, without consulting his Cabinet. That is why its text is not found in the Russian diplomatic correspondence. It indicates most convincingly the Tsar's sincere love of peace. He risked setting awry the whole military machinery of his country. He resisted all the pressure brought to bear upon him by his advisers and military experts.

But the next day brought alarming reports in quick succession. Austria had opened hostilities and was bombarding Belgrade. The people of St. Petersburg were intensely excited. Newspapers and public opinion were getting out of hand.

I saw Pourtales, who persisted obstinately in his attitude and employed more and more menacing language. Germany would not raise a little finger to stop Austria. He insisted, however, that Russia should cease its military preparations.

The previous night the Kaiser had sent an almost threatening telegram to the Tsar. Germany's game was becoming clearer with every hour that passed. That country was bringing all possible pressure to bear upon Russia to leave Austria a free hand to crush Serbia. Berlin ordered Russia not to interfere. If Russia attempted to do so Germany would mobilize and war would follow. Any further delay was likely to prove fatal for Russia. The Cabinet and the General Staff formally advised the Tsar to this effect. The latter finally yielded to their arguments, and on Thursday, July 30, at four o'clock, he issued the desired order. Mobilization was to begin at midnight. The general mobilization began on the second day of the partial mobilization already arranged, thus obviating some of the difficulties which had been foreseen.

As incident followed on the heels of incident and the threat of war drew

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near, Pourtales became more and more excited — at times almost beside himself. All witnesses agree to this. He seemed to be crushed by the responsibility thrust upon him. He and all his agents had constantly assured Berlin that Russia was so unprepared for war, both materially and morally, that she would yield. They had told this story so long that they did not dare to deny it now.

Suddenly all their predictions came to naught. The General Staff and militarists at Berlin, who were shoving the diplomats aside and already held the reins in their own hands, made their decision. They welcomed war. That was what they had been praying for, preparing for, and longing for. They believed that absolute victory for Germany was certain — mathematically demonstrated.

Pourtales, however, was not living in this atmosphere of war fever, of military intoxication. He watched the gathering clouds in a different frame of mind.[1] In a rather commonplace and jejune book, describing his experiences at this time, he recounts his famous interview with me on July 30. He asked the Russian Foreign Minister to suggest some way of averting the catastrophe.

Eager to do everything possible to escape war, I sat down at once and drafted the following clever formula: 'If Austria, recognizing that its controversy with Serbia has assumed the character of a question interesting all Europe, will withdraw from its ultimatum the clauses which attack Serbia's sovereign rights, Russia agrees to cease its military preparations.'

The next day, at three o'clock, Pourtales, having requested an audience with the Tsar, was received by the sovereign at Peterhof. The Tsar gave him a cordial welcome. But the German ambassador, obeying instructions from Berlin, confined himself to repeating his earlier declarations. 'Germany cannot halt Austria-Hungary now and prevent that country from inflicting upon Serbia the lesson it needs. All it can do is to promise that its ally will not make territorial acquisitions at the expense of Serbia.' That was a purely illusory promise, for a great power can deprive a little neighbor of its sovereign rights by other means than occupying its territory.

Germany urged Russia to cease military preparations. The Tsar informed Pourtales that these measures had been forced by Austria's warlike attitude. As Pourtales observes, things had reached a dead centre. But whose fault was that?

The next evening M. Viviani, who had landed the previous day at Dunkirk, with President Poincaré, telegraphed to Paléologue that France was resolved to fulfill all its obligations under the alliance.

It is worth noting just here that during my interview with Szapary, I was at times under the impression that, if Germany would refrain from interfering between Russia and Austria, matters might be settled amicably. That impression was perfectly justified. Indeed, at the last moment, the men in power at Vienna hesitated, and were disposed to yield, seeing that Russia was taking the situation so seriously and would not permit that country to deal with Serbia as it willed. There was a chance, a mere chance, it is true, but nevertheless a real one, that some basis for a compromise might be found.

But by this time Germany would have no compromise. Its war lords were in the saddle; they were chafing for battle. They hurled their thunderbolts without giving the civilian leaders time to reflect — to have better second thoughts. The most striking character-

[1] *Am Scheidewege zwischen Kriege und Friede*, Berlin, 1919.

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istic of the last stage of these negotiations was the dizzy speed with which Germany conducted them. The Berlin Government recklessly plunged headlong toward a break.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, July 31, Pourtales was received by the Tsar. At eleven o'clock that evening he came to inform me that if Russia did not stop its mobilization within twelve hours the whole German army would be mobilized. He delivered this message with the solemnity that its seriousness demanded. For Germany's mobilization meant certain war.

Both the Tsar and myself still grasped at every straw. We did not cease our efforts for peace. Up to the last moment we still tried to negotiate.

On Saturday, August 1, at 2 P.M., Nicholas replied to the Kaiser's telegram informing him that Germany had taken the serious step of declaring a state of danger of war. This reply was worded as follows: —

> I have received your telegram. I understand that you feel obliged to mobilize. But I should like to receive from you the same guaranty which I have given you, to the effect that these measures do not signify war, and that we may continue our negotiations for the welfare of our two countries and the general peace so dear to our hearts. Our long friendship ought, with the aid of God, to enable us to prevent bloodshed. I await with confidence your reply.
>
> NICHOLAS.

The cordial, open-heartedness of this telegram, its pathetic sincerity, are only too obvious. The hopes which the Russian sovereign cherished were no longer more than a dream. If both governments had really wished to have a peaceful settlement they might have continued their negotiations, even were their armies mobilized. Other mobilizations have not invariably been followed by war. Austria itself had mobilized on two previous occasions without drawing the sword.

But the men in power at Berlin had decided otherwise. At noon, on August 1, the period specified in Germany's ultimatum of the previous day, expired. Germany had declared that if Russia did not stop its preparations for war, she, too, would mobilize. She did so; in fact she had been secretly preparing for the previous week. But she did not halt there. She burned her bridges behind her, and hastened to declare war on Russia. At seven o'clock, Pourtales, who had just received his instructions from the Imperial Chancellor, presented himself to me. He handed me a declaration of war, which closed with this melodramatic phrase: —

> His Majesty the Kaiser, my august sovereign, in the name of the Empire, accepts the challenge, and considers himself at war with Russia.

One might imagine it was the tourney scene from *Lohengrin*.

It is an odd and significant fact that although every other document and diplomatic note and telegram that passed between the two Empires has been translated into German, in the White Book, the declaration of war remains in French — as if the Imperial Government did not wish its wording to become generally known among its people. *Wilhelmstrasse* had sent Pourtales optional versions of certain passages from which he was to select the ones he thought most appropriate. But that gentleman was so upset, that he did not take the trouble to erase these variant readings and delivered the document just as it was received.

Pourtales's own confusion, however, was nothing compared with that which seemed to have seized the leading officials at Berlin. They had already debated long and diffusely over the exact terms of their declaration of war against

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Russia. Kautsky relates the facts in detail. It is one of the most interesting passages in his book. They first thought of putting the clause as follows: —

His Majesty the Kaiser, our august sovereign, in the name of the Empire, declares that he accepts the war which is forced upon him.

The last word of the original, *octroyée*, was a very poor translation of the German word *aufzwingen*. Later the word *imposée* was substituted. Then the whole phrase proved displeasing and the theatrical sentence which we have just quoted was selected in its place.

There is another still more curious feature. The declaration of war against Russia left Berlin at 1 P.M., on Saturday, August 1. At 9.45 P.M., Wilhelm II sent Nicholas the following strange telegram, as if all ties had not been broken and negotiations might still be possible.

An immediate clear and unequivocal reply from your Government is the only means of preventing untold calamity. I feel it my duty to demand of you categorically to order immediately that your forces shall under no condition violate our frontiers.

This telegram dispatched from Berlin at 10.30 in the evening, caused immense surprise at St. Petersburg. The Tsar, who received it, and I, his Foreign Minister, could not understand it. How could these people continue to negotiate, when Germany had already brutally declared war against Russia?

So I telephoned early the next day to Pourtales, before the latter left for Stockholm, for some explanation of this puzzle. Pourtales merely said that probably the telegram from the Kaiser should have been sent before the declaration of war. It really was dispatched much later.

What did the Kaiser mean by this strange message? Was he trying to delude the Tsar? Or had he simply lost his head? All honest observers will be inclined to accept the last hypothesis. Never was a war brought about with such precipitation, and in so criminally frivolous a manner.

FULL MOON

BY V. SACKVILLE-WEST

[Observer]

SHE was wearing the coral taffeta trousers
Someone had brought her from Ispahan,
And the little gold coat with pomegranate blossoms,
And the coral-hafted feather fan;
But she ran down a Kentish lane in the moonlight,
And skipped in the pool of the moon as she ran.

She cared not a rap for all the big planets,
For Betelgeuse or Aldebaran,
And all the big planets cared nothing for her,
That small impertinent charlatan;
But she climbed on a Kentish stile in the moonlight,
And laughed at the sky through the sticks of her fan.

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CAMP AND CABINET IN THE WORLD WAR

BY GENERAL VON KUHL

[*This article is a sympathetic review of General Ludendorff's recent book,* Kriegführung und Politik.]

From *Preussische Jahrbücher, November*
(Prussian Conservative Historical and Political Monthly)

General Ludendorff has again made his voice heard regarding the great controversial questions arising out of our conduct of the war. His book will doubtless be read with great attention both at home and abroad. The author believes that he has given the German nation, in his new work, a glimpse into its future as well as a survey of its past. He would enlighten the people and their leaders upon the conditions essential for the survival of their government, upon the interrelation and reaction of politics and military leadership, and upon the true character of war. Thus instructed, the people may, the author hopes, learn to comprehend more clearly what is essential for the preservation of the state, and select proper leaders for the future. Indeed, the two guiding thoughts which run through the book are the interdependence of political and military leadership and the real nature of war.

General Ludendorff had a distinct object in view when he gave the word *Kriegführung* the first place in his title. Its importance is not fully comprehended by us. What our former military specialists taught us of the relation between the conduct of war and politics is no longer adequate. Clausewitz, whose dictum, that war is merely a continuation of political negotiations with different instruments, is familiar to all, obviously had only political intercourse with other nations in mind. Von Moltke believed that politics might play a part in the beginning and the end of a war, but that during the war itself strategy was quite independent of politics — a view in my opinion no longer tenable. Politics and military strategy are so closely and permanently interrelated that they are inseparable. Civilian authorities can no longer assume that the army should win with its own resources. Every organ of government must serve the war. General Ludendorff holds that foreign policies take precedence of military strategy, but that domestic policies and economic policies must be completely subordinate to military ends.

The nation, the army, and the economic life of a country are closely associated. The efficiency of an army depends upon the support it receives at home. Not only do the people at home supply the replacements, the food, the coal, the iron, and the services of every kind which the army must have, but they furnish the spiritual and moral support which is essential to victory. Determination to win, singleness of purpose, readiness to endure the privations and sufferings of war, have become decisive factors, since our conflicts are fought by whole nations under arms.

How did our Government measure up to the great tasks which were laid upon its shoulders by the recent struggle? We must agree with General Ludendorff that it failed. Only a strong government intent on something more than laboriously preserving what it

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already had, a government prescient of coming events, could have dealt properly with the tasks that faced Germany before the war. It is hardly necessary to observe that our pre-war diplomacy was a failure, that our military strength was not exerted to the best advantage, and that we neglected to mobilize effectively our economic resources for the coming struggle.

Ludendorff's main argument here relates to the attitude of the civil authorities during the war. If we accept his view as to the proper functions of a government in such a conflict, it was the duty of the Imperial Chancellor to lead the nation during its bitter struggle, to provide, at all costs, what the army required, to strengthen the determination of victory among the masses, and to stifle every sign of weakness the moment it appeared. Instead of this, the head of the civil government timidly surrendered to the Radical parties; instead of leading, the Chancellor was led; instead of making our policies at home the servants of the war, the Radicals sought to make the war a servant to their own political designs. The latter charge is borne out by the statement made by a prominent Social Democrat in 1915, that 'a complete victory is not in the interests of the Social Democratic Party.' When the Independent Socialists declared their aim in 1917 to be the destruction of militarism, the welfare of the Fatherland was criminally sacrificed to factional advantage.

In the author's opinion, the Reichstag shares heavily in this guilt. The unhappy peace resolution of July 1917 strengthened the hearts of our opponents and weakened our own faith. It revealed our domestic frailties to our enemies. By constantly talking of a 'peace of understanding,' these leaders convinced the people that a peace might be had at any time upon this basis, although Germany's enemies were unshaken in their determination to crush us completely. Eventually we came to think that a German victory was impossible and our resolution was shaken by this doubt. So we drifted into the collapse which came in the autumn of 1918; and we sacrificed in the unworthy hope of purchasing easier peace conditions our monarchy and our system of government, dreaming of a reconciliation of nations, of a permanent peace based upon justice and international conscience.

Inevitably these conditions reacted upon the army. Especially did the troops of the 1919 class, summoned to the colors in the spring of 1918, bring the seeds of mutiny with them to the front. Calling to the colors workingmen previously excused from military service and men just returned from imprisonment in Russia, also did more harm than good.

We cannot disregard the influence of these conditions upon the army. Serious disorders among the replacement troops and furloughed men, *en route* for the front, occurred in the spring of 1918, betraying a serious decline in discipline. A bad spirit manifested itself in the recruiting camps. Deserters and slackers behind the front were a serious embarrassment to us during the ensuing summer, and perceptibly weakened the effectiveness of the army in the field. Hundreds of thousands of men were evading active service. Our armies were thus depleted in numbers and weakened in spirit, until the time came when conditions at home paralyzed the effectiveness of the men in the field and rendered them helpless.

I do not propose to renew the debate which has raged around the charge that the army was 'stabbed in the back' by the people at home. But let me point out that we are dealing here with something more than a figure of speech.

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Our loyal troops have a right to defend themselves, no matter whom they offend. Anyone who has read Barth's book, *Aus der Werkstatt der deutschen Revolution*, and the book by Drahn and Leonhard, *Unterirdische Literatur im revolutionären Deutschland während des Weltkrieges*, will be convinced that the morale of the army was systematically undermined. Indeed, the leaders of the Revolution boast of their success in this field. After poisoning the spirit of the soldiers little by little, they delivered their final blow, November 7, 1918, at the very moment when we were in the midst of our armistice negotiations and everything depended upon presenting a resolute front. Until that moment our enemies had not ceased to fear us. They believed that we could still resist. It was the Revolution which convinced them of the opposite. General Bliss, America's representative in the Supreme Council, has explicitly stated this. So the General Staff was compelled to accept the Armistice which was offered. Our soldiers behind the front conducted themselves so shamelessly, and demoralization spread among them with such speed, that the withdrawal of our forces from the front and their demobilization would have been accompanied by frightful scenes had not a little group of old commissioned and non-commissioned officers exerted themselves to the utmost to maintain some show of discipline. Any man who actually witnessed what occurred on the front and immediately behind the front in 1918 will never free himself from the conviction that the spirit of the army was poisoned; our troops were stabbed in the back.

Our military leaders have been bitterly blamed for unjustifiably interfering in public policies. How could they avoid such interference when public policies were so clearly determining the course of the war? General Ludendorff goes a step further than hitherto in his present book. He takes the position that the higher army command, with the consent of the Crown, ought to have brushed aside the incompetent civil government in the summer of 1918, and established a dictatorship as a last resort in order to rescue the state. Clemenceau and Lloyd George, both of whom were virtually dictators, are examples of what men of powerful will can accomplish under such conditions.

We have the authority of Captain Wright for the statement that when Lloyd George placed himself at the head of the British Government, he organized a dictatorship. He formed a war cabinet of four members, a hitherto unknown instrument of government, which exercised supreme authority. The Premier became almost as absolute a ruler as the American president. Men may question whether the disadvantages of such a system did not outweigh its advantages. But to it England owes her successful conduct of the war. We may well lament the fact that Germany did not discover a similar dictator in her hour of need. My own opinion is, however, that Ludendorff's proper position was with the army.

We find the same confusion between political leadership and army leadership when we come to the discussion of war aims. Profound differences of opinion regarding these existed. The charge that our army leaders prevented peace by their exorbitant demands upon the enemy is not pertinent here. It must first be shown that an acceptable peace was at any time possible. At no time during the war could we have obtained a peace that was not a peace of subjugation.

Our enemies in striking contrast to ourselves subordinated their governmental policies entirely to the war. Their plan of crushing us by land and

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sea, their economic blockade, the political duress which they brought to bear upon Greece and other neutral lands, and the Northcliffe propaganda, were all part and parcel of the same comprehensive scheme.

Before we are entitled to pass an opinion upon the conduct of the war we must understand clearly what war is. We still cling to the theories of Clausewitz, which he derived from the study of the Napoleonic wars. He conceived war as an act of violence designed to render an enemy helpless. The method of accomplishing this was to destroy the enemy's military forces. However, he recognized distinctions among wars. It is not always possible to destroy your enemy. In that case, you must moderate your aims. Moltke said: 'Strategy is a system of expedients.' That is the only system possible. Frederick the Great had to accommodate himself to circumstances and to content himself with a war of manœuvres; but he sought decisive battles at every promising opportunity.

During the last great world conflict, however, the true nature of war stood revealed. The enemy was determined to destroy us. Should we adopt the same policy toward him, or should we try to wear him out? General Ludendorff prefaces his discussion of this question with a short, critical review of the military incidents of the war.

We opened hostilities in the West with the definite aim of crushing France. The Schlieffen plan of campaign aimed to surround the French army and to hurl it westward against the Moselle. Our Marne campaign failed, not because our strategy was at fault, but because our leaders proved incompetent. I believe that the researches of military historians have now proved this beyond cavil. Furthermore, when we deployed our forces in 1914, we made certain modifications in the Schlieffen plan. General Ludendorff defends these changes, although he was in no way responsible for them. Schlieffen's fundamental idea was to make the right wing of the German armies, which were to conduct a great encircling operation through Belgium and Northern France, as strong as possible; and to leave the weaker left wing practically stationary in Lorraine. We reversed this plan in 1914. Our left wing in Alsace-Lorraine was materially strengthened, in expectation of a vigorous French offensive. We anticipated eventually winning a great victory here, after which our forces would be shifted rapidly to our right wing. It proved very difficult to accomplish this in practice, and in fact, it was never attempted. At a critical moment the right wing proved too weak. Personally I regard the change in Schlieffen's plan as disastrous.

When our great Western offensive in 1914 failed, our plan of totally crushing our enemy received a setback. But in the East where our strategy was purely defensive, we followed the example of Frederick the Great, and won a brilliant victory at Tannenburg, in the Masurian marshes.

When Moltke withdrew from the head of the General Staff, General von Falkenhayn, who took his place, tried without success to carry out the old Schlieffen plan, and to envelop the enemy at Ypres. Failing in this, he relinquished all idea of crushing France. After this date our war aims became more modest. They were limited to compelling our enemies to accept a reasonable peace. In view of the growing superiority of our opponents in resources and men, we must economize our own forces to the utmost. There was no escaping this conclusion. But we had to consider whether, in view of the Entente's superiority in men and materials, and in view of the enemy's determination to crush us, we were

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likely to succeed. The strategy of endurance must be put to the test. I agree with General Ludendorff that this plan did not stand the test.

Our brilliant flank movement of November 1914, against the Russians who had pushed forward without adequate support, might have led to a decisive victory had we thrown heavier forces into the battle and designed from the outset to annihilate our opponents. That would have involved stopping for the time being our vigorous offensive in the West. I admit that it was difficult at the time to make a choice. But as matters stood, the utmost we could accomplish on the Russian front was to bring that country's offensive to a halt.

An even more emphatic illustration of the distinction between a campaign with limited objects and a campaign designed to destroy an enemy is presented by our Eastern offensive the following year. We did not plan it as a decisive movement. General von Falkenhayn was opposed to extending our operations too far, and was in favor of limiting ourselves to a victory that would accomplish our immediate purpose. This may sound illogical. Our commanders on the Eastern front wanted to make the campaign a decisive one. After we broke through the Russian lines in May 1915, they wished to push forward, surround, and utterly destroy the enemy. But the General Staff put a veto on this plan and, instead of rounding up the whole Russian army, we were forced to content ourselves with pushing it back into its own country. When we started our drive against Vilna, the following September, it was already too late. The motives which induced General von Falkenhayn to adopt the policy which he did were weighty ones. The situation on the Western front was critical. Personally, however, I think a more ambitious campaign against Russia might have been ventured and that country might then have been eliminated from the war. What we failed to accomplish in France in 1914, we should have tried to accomplish in Russia in 1915. Only thus could we win a war conducted simultaneously on two fronts; for unless Russia were eliminated, we could not concentrate sufficiently powerful forces against our Western enemy.

During 1916 our campaign was hampered by the fact that our Russian flank was not sufficiently protected at the time we made our great drive against Verdun, and Austria-Hungary started its offensive in Italy. Had the assault on Verdun succeeded and given us possession of that stronghold, it would have been a great victory, indeed, and a terrible blow for the French. But it would not have decided the campaign. In any case, our attack failed. Our hope of bleeding France to death at Verdun was not fulfilled. The successful defense of that fortress only strengthened that confidence and stimulated the spirit of her troops.

Therefore, a war conducted with limited aims, a war designed to wear out the enemy, brought us no nearer to peace in 1915 and 1916. On the contrary, we had suffered heavy losses, and as General Ludendorff shows by his figures, our reserves were beginning to be impaired. The famine blockade was making itself felt. Distress began to rear its head at home. We had good reason to doubt whether the war policy we had pursued hitherto was likely to bring the enemy to his knees.

In August 1916 new men were placed at the head of the General Staff. It was their duty to adopt a different and a better policy. Marshal Hindenburg and General Ludendorff were vigorous advocates of the plan of destroying our enemies. They held the same view of war as Clausewitz. But, after we had

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subjugated Rumania in 1917, conditions forced them also to resort to a war of endurance. At least this was true on land. It was only too obvious that the only strategy open to us was a strategy of expedients. We had to confine ourselves to the defensive on the Western front. Russia was cowed by occasional attacks upon her lines designed to attain limited objectives. Unhappily our promising offensive in Italy was brought to a halt upon the Piave. Had we utilized our success by a simultaneous advance from Tyrol, we might have destroyed the Italian army then and there. This might have had a decisive influence upon our offensive in France in the spring of 1918. But we did not have the forces to do this. We took great risks even in sending seven German divisions to Italy in the very midst of the fighting in Flanders. I agree with General Ludendorff that a new offensive in Italy in 1918 was not advisable as a prelude to our great offensive in the West. The chances of success were not as favorable as they had been the previous October. The Italian campaign might develop into a more extensive operation than we designed, if the French and English came to the help of their allies. This would have imperiled our Western offensive, which must begin before the Americans arrived.

But if our land operations in 1917 were confined to limited objectives, our operations at sea were directed toward the complete destruction of the enemy. These did not realize our hopes. Russia's collapse, however, compensated in part for this. Large forces were thus released for use in France.

It was Russia's surrender that made it possible, in the spring of 1918, for Germany to revert to its original idea of crushing France. I am confident that the researches of military historians and critics will eventually justify this decision. Military conditions were favorable. The General Staff took every precaution to see that our advantages were utilized to the utmost.

We often hear the criticism that our military leaders should not have dissipated their strength in 1918 by far-reaching undertakings in Russia. It does, indeed, seem strange to recall our distant operations in Finland, Palestine, the Caucasus, Georgia, and Macedonia. But only small bodies of emergency troops, in no case exceeding a division, and often numbering no more than a brigade, were employed in these operations. The only exception was the army of occupation in the Ukraine. But we placed troops there at the urgent representations of the Government, in order to alleviate the food shortage at home. Furthermore, no troops were employed even there which were qualified for use in the Western offensive. No men were sent to Russia who were under thirty-five years of age.

Our most serious concern was with regard to replacements. Unless we won a final victory in 1918 it was doubtful whether we could continue the fight longer. Experience had taught us that more men were lost in defensive than in offensive operations. A new element which came into play this year was the enemy's tanks. Their importance was not fully appreciated by our commanders, and in any case it would have been difficult to match the enemy in this field.

Upon the whole, the offensive gave good promise of success. The event justified this hope. At times, as our enemies acknowledge, our decisive victory hung by a single thread.

It is not my purpose to analyze the offensive in detail. Ludendorff's book describes it at length. Naturally, there are many things that can be criticized, now that it is over, and we can see how different measures might have resulted

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better. These are technical details concerning which experts must decide. We often hear that the continuation of the offensive into July overstrained our resources and led to our collapse. But in the midst of the battle no one could tell but that the next stroke might prove the winning one. The possibility of success lay there. Were we reduced to the defensive, our defeat was already foredoomed.

After the turning-point of the war, on July 18, the initiative passed to our enemies. Immediately the lack of strong positions in our rear made itself felt. We did not have the labor to fortify such points. The divisions dispersed through Eastern Europe might have been a great aid just then.

Since we had no strong points to which to withdraw, since great supplies of war material had been advanced to the front, and since it seemed to our advantage, in view of the approaching armistice negotiations, to hold as much enemy territory as possible, we kept our troops in the front lines longer perhaps than was advisable. Our soldiers were utterly exhausted. Reserves were lacking. An earlier retreat would not have relieved the situation so much as some imagine. It would have made no difference in the ultimate outcome. By the middle of August the General Staff recognized that we could not win the war. The only purpose in withdrawing would have been to prolong our resistance.

This brief review of the argument of Ludendorff's latest book is intended merely to outline its broader theses. The Government failed to inspire the nation with a proper war spirit. No great statesmen enlightened the nation as to the determination of our enemies to destroy us. No mighty will rallied us to a last resistance. Misled by the will-o'-the-wisp of a 'peace of understanding,' our people lost their will to victory. Their only thought was: peace at any price! This could not fail to react upon the army. The poison of revolutionary intrigue crept through our forces like a deadly infection.

Speaking in the Chamber of Deputies, in February 1920, Fabry, a man of high reputation in France as a military expert, said: 'When peace came, we saw the German army as perfectly equipped as ever an army was in history. What did it lack? What was the reason for its defeat? Merely that it was not backed up by the unanimous resolve of the nation at home, by the willingness of the community to bear longer the sacrifices of war. This war has shown clearly that no matter how powerful an army, if it has not behind it a nation determined to fight to the end, it is helpless.'

Let us, however, shun hasty judgments. We must bear in mind that the people were exhausted with famine and privations due to the blockade, that they were depressed by the economic mismanagement of the Government, that corrupt war companies and profiteers and smugglers were holding high carnival, that insidious enemy propaganda was rampant, that the people were deceived as to the real objects of their enemies.

Neither are the people at home solely at fault for the fact that when the enemy broke through our lines, on the 18th of July and the 8th of August, the German army proved wanting, proved incapable of adequate resistance. After four years of constant fighting, our men were exhausted. They were depressed by the sudden reaction from the high hopes of the previous weeks to the hopelessness of the present. The growing superiority of the enemy was too evident. Victory was clearly seen to be impossible.

Such a war as we fought does not leave the spirit of the soldiers untouched.

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To be sure, von Moltke insisted that war called forth the noblest virtues of men: courage, self-sacrifice, loyalty. But he had the campaigns of 1864, 1866, and 1870–71 in mind. Under the stress of four and a half years of war, these noble qualities failed to endure.

When General Ludendorff says, in speaking of the turning-point of the war, in July and August, 1918, 'Germany lost its nerve five minutes before the decisive moment,' he obviously omits many factors which had an important influence upon the outcome of the conflict.

General Ludendorff has given us with frankness and conviction his real opinion of the war. Unquestionably, he will be bitterly attacked by his enemies. The German people are still too divided among themselves, too passionately aroused, too much under the crushing impression of their defeat and its consequences, to weigh such arguments calmly and justly. Military experts will in years to come study and judge dispassionately the operations here described. Strong personalities invariably invite opposition. I am sure, however, that the time will come when General Ludendorff's genius, his powerful will, his almost super-human industry in the cause of his country, and the whole magnitude of his military service, will receive full recognition.

THE ROMANCE OF JEAN DE RESZKE

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

From the *Daily Telegraph, October* 21
(INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE)

THE red-letter days come, after all, unexpectedly. I had been longing for years to see that romantic figure of my youth once again; to see how the years had sped with him, and especially how they had sped with him in the ghastly days of the war. But Jean de Reszke seemed remote, unattainable, moving in a sphere of artistic isolation and of cruel suffering and in irreparable bereavement; his ways and my ways seemed to run on parallel lines. And then one fine day the invitation came to me to see Jean de Reszke and even to spend a whole afternoon with him.

As I journeyed along the sea coast between Monte Carlo and Nice I saw as in a vision the man, and the past of the man, whom I was going to see again. It is only those of my own generation who can quite realize all the dazzling glory of that past. For de Reszke had many kinds of glory in those great days of his. His genius as a singer and an actor had about it a dazzling effect almost unprecedented. Who that was ever present at de Reszke's entrance as Faust, as Lohengrin, or in any other of his great parts, will ever forget that strange pause of admiration and of anticipation that brought the whole house to an expectant hush? Except some few great orators, I have never known anybody who had this extraordinary power

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of de Reszke of producing that sepulchral silence in a vast and excited audience — and everybody accustomed to audiences knows that deadly silence is a far more eloquent manifestation of profound emotion than the most ear-splitting applause.

Sometimes, after he had sung one of his greatest arias, there was this singular phenomenon of the prolonged pause, as though the audience were too deeply moved to find ready utterance. Of course, it was primarily the triumph of the magnificent voice; then came the acting, which had such superb dignity; for the great tenor looked the great knight or the great lover in his person, in his gestures, in all his bearing. And there was, I am sure, the inner sense in the audience that they were looking at and hearing a great gentleman as well as a great artist; de Reszke is a great gentleman, not merely as one of an ancient, historical Polish family, but in his own dignity of character and of bearing. He found himself naturally at home within social portals then inaccessible to the world of artists; he was an aristocrat among the most aristocratic. He insisted on this, not blatantly, of course; he would not have been an aristocrat if he had; but in the important particular that he accepted remuneration only when he appeared on the stage: never as a guest of society.

A little anecdote of the time will illustrate how de Reszke insisted on thus remaining a guest. A great financier invited him and his brother to one of his great banquets, and at the end, naturally, the artists were asked to sing. They did so. Then the host, who was generosity itself — it was, in fact, the late Alfred de Rothschild — presented them two blank checks. Herewith a dilemma; on the one hand two proud aristocrats asked to break their rule of accepting no fee for a performance in social life, on the other an act of seeming rudeness in refusing what was meant to be a compliment from a host. They settled the matter by accepting the checks, and sending them back next day blank and torn.

And here, by the way, another curious little story of Jean de Reszke. He was and is a great smoker; it was one of the few joys in which his hard work and the necessary anxieties of a great artist allowed him to indulge. Suddenly he found that even this joy was about to be denied. The cigarettes he smoked were interfering with his throat, and therefore with his voice. He tried every form of cigarette he could think of, American, Turkish, Egyptian; they all produced the same effect. And here entered into his life a new figure, interesting in his personality and in his career, a Russian, a fellow Slav, a devoted, sympathetic admirer for many years of the great Polish artist. This was Mr. Millhoff, who some years before, after many wanderings, had settled in London as a cigarette manufacturer. He took the case of Jean de Reszke in hand, and succeeded in producing a cigarette which the artist found he could smoke with perfect impunity.

How would I find de Reszke? I asked myself, as I was journeying along the Mediterranean coast from Monte Carlo to Nice. My first impression was certainly most agreeable. I found the family in a villa standing in a high ground, surrounded by a garden crowded with tree and flower, in all the beautiful luxuriance of that wonderful climate of the Riviera; and from this wondrous palace you gazed down on the Mediterranean, almost, as 't were, at your feet. Never did a great artist find an asylum more suited to his retirement — on the one hand by remoteness from the noise, and on the other by its proximity to that throbbing life of a beautiful city

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in the only perfect winter climate in Europe — than de Reszke has found in his villa at Nice.

I felt something like a quickened pulse as I found myself at last in the presence of the great artist who had made so many millions of hearts throb in every capital of the world for more than a generation. Like all really great figures, the artist was simplicity and modesty itself. You might take him for a good-humored man of business who had retired after years of hard work and prosperity, except that he had the infectious gayety that goes with the artistic temperament — a gayety triumphant over tragic suffering. If you wanted to realize how, and to what an abyss, tragedy in the life of de Reszke had descended, you had to look first at a portrait that stood on one of the tables, and then at two of the female figures of the artist's family circle. The portrait was of a singularly handsome youth, with features of perfect classic regularity, a sweet smile, charming mouth, and the look of triumphant youth in its early twenties. Then, as you looked from the picture to the figure close by, you found its reflection almost as though in a mirror — the same beautifully moulded features, the tiny nose, the tiny mouth, the air of aristocratic distinction and of exquisite sweetness; but not in triumphant youth, but in a face shadowed by the spectre of incurable and ever-haunting sorrow; and you knew that you were looking at the mother of the boy in the picture. You realized the tragedy at once; that the boy had died as a volunteer in the French army, leading his troops, dying at once for the liberty of France, the land of his mother, and for Poland, the land of his father.

Then you looked at another figure, as much indicative of vigorous life as the other was of haunting despair. Imagine a young woman, broad shouldered, fully six feet high, with a look of daring gayety, and even mockery, in the face. This was the daughter of Edouard de Reszke, the brother whom the war had killed. I cannot describe the charm of these two women.

It was a wonderful afternoon, for John McCormack, the great American tenor, had come over from Monte Carlo to sing to that large school of young artists who are seeking instruction and inspiration from Jean de Reszke — a strange and interesting group, especially in its testimony to the extraordinarily great influence of the artist as a teacher, so long after he has ceased to appear on the stage. These pupils came from all parts of the world, from France, from Italy, from Algiers, from several States of America, from some of the British Dominions, from all the British Isles, and I could not help remarking that they gave to the *maestro* not merely the admiration of the young and untried to the great artist, but a true affection for a generous nature that had inspired their personal love as well as their artistic admiration. When I think of de Reszke I see him eager, infectiously humorous, talking to everybody, leading the chorus of applause to McCormack, explaining the points to this pupil or to that, above all exercising those marvelous powers of mimicry, of good-natured caricature, which still remind you that you are with the greatest of actors as well as the greatest of tenors of his generation. You mention a singer, and at once de Reszke poses with mock heroic splendor, begins to sing in a ridiculous voice with ridiculous gestures, and yet so lifelike is the caricature that you see the singer he is imitating before your eyes and in his habit as he once lived. And when the great tenor has ceased there comes along that glorious, tall, laughing tomboy, Mlle. de Reszke — the gigantic father Edouard de Reszke weirdly reproduced

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in that splendid daughter, as sometimes happens. Assuming the deep-throated voice of a typical baritone, she rolls out some aria until you are tempted to scream. Even the pallid face of Madame de Reszke relaxes and a sweet smile illuminates the beautiful features. And her uncle, spurred almost to rivalry by his niece, then gives you another imitation.

There was now and then a recurrence of a sad note in the conversation of de Reszke, with all the sorrow behind. 'My brother,' he said recently, 'is dead and almost forgotten; my son has died and is also almost forgotten; soon I shall be dead and I shall be forgotten. The only thing to carry on the name is this,' and he pointed to a box of 'De Reszke' cigarettes. But let me not end on this sad note. The most abiding impression I took from this interview was the magnificent courage with which de Reszke has conquered the worst strokes of fortune and the abiding influence he is still able to exercise on the memories of the old and the future destinies of the new generation; for when I recall the incidents of that gorgeous afternoon I find I think more of its gay than of its sad side.

Think, then, of de Reszke in retirement if you want to picture him as he is, not in the sombre silence of a tragic home, but amid something I am tempted to call the clatter of pupils eager to learn from a master who is as eager to teach. De Reszke has rallied round him the living and the young, and they bring to him their ambitions and their talents, and keep him also young, eager, active, almost gay.

RURAL UNREST IN JAPAN

BY DR. S. WASHIO

From the *Japan Advertiser, November* 1
(Tokyo American Daily)

Of all the grave problems facing Japan the most disheartening is the miserable condition of our rural tenants and small farmers. They never had an easy life, but the depth to which they have now sunk has become a matter of grave concern not only for themselves but for the entire nation. Since the rural classes form more than half of the total population, and eighty per cent of the food supply of the people is produced by their labor, the hopeless and restless situation into which they have been allowed to drift means nothing less than this — that both the Government and the people are losing control of the country's destiny.

Though it is said that Japan's future, if she is to have any, lies in manufacturing development, her chief industries are at present and will be for a long time to come, essentially agricultural. Rice farming and silkworm raising are still her main productive occupations, which sustain her life and make her foreign trade possible. The rest is mere superstructure, which will crumble down if rural labor does not support it

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Strikes of factory workers are now common, but little has been said as yet of rural unrest. There is, however, a widespread spirit of discontent and revolt among the tenant farmers and, in some districts, it is taking the form of violent agitation. Tenant farmers are reported to be forming something like unions to enforce their demands on the landowners. Peasant revolts are not rare in Japanese history. They have nearly always occurred in excessively bad seasons. Since this season has not been very good, agitation for a reduction of the rents in kind which tenant farmers pay to their landlords are to be expected. But in the past such movements have usually taken the form of petitions by individuals or by committees. For the first time in Japanese history the unions that the tenant farmers are now forming aim to be more or less permanent, and to bring about a general improvement in the economic conditions of their members. In short, they are becoming class-conscious.

The patent cause for this class awakening is the gradual absorption of the land into fewer hands, and the consequent decrease of the number of small independent farmers. It is said that the large landowners are moving into cities to escape local taxes and expenses, which are growing heavier every year. The burden of these expenses falls mainly on the shoulders of the small independent farmers, the rural middle-class, so to speak. That they cannot very well bear such burdens is evident from their balance sheets, of which I shall give an example at the end of this article. They are naturally obliged to mortgage their land and their crops, and go bankrupt after two or three successive bad seasons, leaving the rural population more sharply divided than before between abject tenant farmers and absentee landowners.

But the more immediate cause of rural unrest has been the Great War. The fictitious prosperity accompanying the war extended to country communities. The high price of rice and of silk cocoons between 1916 and 1919, accompanied by a succession of unusually good seasons, enriched the farming districts even more than the cities. Prices were consequently higher in many provincial towns than in the metropolis. Even tenant farmers tasted some simple luxuries which they had never known before. Speculation was rife among the richer farmers. Farming communities caught something of the spirit of modern industrial society.

Then came a change. The year 1919 began with the spread of the strike fever among factory workers. Class-consciousness was awakened; and the tenant farmers, who were already aroused from their slumber by a taste of fictitious prosperity, scented also what was in the air. Now that hard times have set in, they are beginning to translate what they have been thinking into action.

It is yet too early to forecast what shape the movements now on foot will take. Perhaps the farmers themselves do not know just what they want. Their spirit of discontent will only grope in the dark for some time to come. Since this year's crop, though not as good as usual, cannot be said to be seriously poor, and since the Seiyukai, which is predominantly the agrarian party and is now in control of the Government, will continue to keep the price of rice high in order to mitigate the misery of the rural classes at the expense of the cities, no serious outbreak is feared in the near future. But the hopeless and restless outlook of tenants and small independent farmers is now so indubitable that it will sooner or later manifest itself in a way to compel the attention of the general public even more alarmingly than strikes of factory workers.

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Then the world will know that there has been no constructive agrarian policy whatsoever in Japan. Neither the Government nor the country communities themselves have had any plan, or have taken any action to preserve the welfare of our peasants, who are the backbone of the country. The Government has done nothing but organize the landlords for political purposes. It has done something in the way of developing railways and other engineering works primarily for the interest of landowners. But the tenant and small independent farmers have been neglected.

It cannot be otherwise, since the effort to solve these problems involves more or less sacrifice from the very interests which support the men now in power. For instance, better banking facilities form one of the crying needs of the small farmers. Two banks which were established for the express purpose of financing farmers, are not only very inadequate, but are under the control of those whose interest it is to squeeze the small independent landowner. Loans are usually made on mortgages at 7.5 per cent interest or more. Even these facilities are utterly out of reach of the tenant farmers.

Rural credit societies, ostensibly on the Swiss model, have also been established. They can be found in almost every country community. But they are credit associations only in name — in fact they are practically banks manipulated by small groups of interested financiers. The majority of the farmers have no voice in their management and can receive no assistance from them. The result is that the poorer tillers of the soil have recourse to usurers.

Indeed the farmers are blind to their own needs. They have little initiative in organizing for self-protection, and true coöperation is unknown. The farmer who wishes to buy fertilizer, for instance, is at the mercy of any unscrupulous merchant. Our people will revolt blindly against such conditions; but they will not undertake constructive measures to remedy these evils. Indeed this lack of ability to organize for self-help is almost universal among our lower and middle classes. This may be due to the habits acquired during generations of rigid bureaucratic rule, or it may be due to innate faults of character. In any case it affords a gloomy prospect for those who contemplate the future of our country. We are in the transitional period, from a military to an industrial state. The old bureaucratic system based on military discipline is no longer efficient. It is losing its hold on popular esteem. The country is drifting from the control of its former ruling classes into the hands of capitalists and business men. The influence of the latter is away from coöperation and self-help and toward predatory institutions. If the present tendency is allowed to continue, it may destroy our national solidarity.

Apprehending this, many thinking men wish to nationalize the land. But the farmers themselves are preoccupied with petty grievances of a more immediate nature, and have little sympathy for such a highbrow programme.

Naturally the fundamental cause for our rural unrest is the scarcity of land. The holding of the average independent farmer is about an acre in extent, to which he usually adds half as much again of rented land. Seldom does the total area he cultivates exceed two acres. Yet these farmers are the cream of the community. They are the most industrious, the most thrifty, and the best cultivators. They are interested in permanent improvements, and their supreme ambition is to buy the rented land they cultivate and add it to their holdings.

But in most cases this is a losing struggle. Indeed the freehold peasant is

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likely to lose what he already has and to sink into the class of tenant farmers. Statistics prove that the number of land-owning farmers is constantly decreasing.

Foreign critics observe that Japan has much undeveloped land in its interior uplands, and in Hokkaido, the northern island. Less than sixteen per cent of the Empire's total area is cultivated. Probably some of these undeveloped lands may be used in time for raising fruit and cattle. But they are held by great landowners, who do not care to develop them. Moreover, even if they were tilled they would not be suitable for rice. They are not well fitted for the intensive cultivation to which the Japanese farmer is accustomed. We shall have to rear up a new generation of agriculturists to occupy them. Last of all, there is no definite certainty that farming these lands will ever prove profitable, and consequently capital for their development is difficult to obtain.

However, our present rural unrest is essentially a social problem. As no extension of factory work will solve the labor problem, so no increase of developed land will solve the agrarian problem.

Let me illustrate this by the budget of a farmer, a graduate of a local agricultural school, typical of the best men of his class. He cultivates about an acre of rice land and two fifths that area of unirrigated land. He owns one half of this. His family consists of a wife and six children, all of whom help him more or less in the field. The family's gross annual income is, in American money, about $450, in addition to the food which it consumes. The principal item in this farmer's marketable crop is thirty bushels of rice and an equal quantity of wheat, the aggregate value of which is about $135. The next item in importance is milk, for which he receives about $120. Eggs, opium, chestnuts, mulberry leaves, silk cocoons, sweet potatoes, onions, a pig, and straw, supply the remainder of his income.

Now what are the elements of cost which he must set off against this? First there is fertilizer, for which he spends about $140 a year; hired labor costs him $80 or $90; feed purchased for his chickens and pig amounts to $75 or $80; his taxes are $18 a year. He pays rent in kind, and this is not included in the summary. Altogether the operating costs which must be deducted from the income mentioned above amount to about $338 a year. This family's net annual income therefore is less than $111, from which its members must provide themselves with clothing and with every other article which the farm does not directly supply. This peasant frankly states that he cannot make both ends meet. How can he?

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THE SPANISH CAMPAIGN IN MOROCCO

BY 'INTELLIGENCE'

From the *Whitehall Gazette, October*
(London Topical Tory Monthly)

The events of the past two months in Spanish Morocco, of which I am in the position to give the first complete account, comprise many incidents which might have been taken straight from some drama. Yet the ordinary man, who would probably be thrilled by the imaginary, would not think the real story worth his notice. If he has observed it at all he will have dismissed it with the scarcely conscious thought that here is just another instance of those Spaniards allowing themselves to be beaten by a parcel of blacks. Instead of which the story is one of great heroism in the face of overwhelming odds; of terrible sufferings; of the death of many gallant men fighting to the last against an enemy whose military traditions are as high as those of any nation in Europe. Spanish operations were being conducted in two totally distinct fields — the first that of Tetuan and Larache, where Generals Berenguer and Barrero were gradually hemming in the tribal leader Raisuli, and the second that of Melilla, where General Silvestre was pressing westwards along the Riff coast. These two fields were separated by over eighty miles of hostile country, and communication between them was only by sea, a journey of eleven hours, and by wireless. Thus, though General Berenguer, the High Commissioner, was technically responsible for the whole of the operations, in fact he did not interfere with General Silvestre.

It was in the latter's sphere that the disaster occurred, just when he had reached in his advance that formidable group of hills where the Riff tribes have their strongholds. Up to that time his task had been comparatively easy. He had only had to make good the plain of the River Kert and the foothills beyond. But in July he was face to face with a mountain barrier stretching from Alhucemas to the French frontier, which has throughout the centuries frustrated the efforts of Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, and Arab. His communications up to the danger point consisted of camel convoys, assisted by lorries as far as Dar Driuch, and after that of camel convoys alone. By the second week in July his front extended over a fan-shaped line over 100 kilometres in length, and about 130 kilometres west of Melilla. The intervening country had not been conquered, but insensibly annexed by means of a policy of judicious financial outlay backed by a show of military strength.

Silvestre, an officer of great experience, who had won his rank in the Cuban and Philippine insurrectionary wars, had displayed considerable ability in securing the pacification of so large an area at so small a cost. Like many generals, he was faced with the problem of a war party in Spain demanding results, and a peace party refusing supplies. He had only 23,000 men, including five or six thousand native levies. As regards money, for everything save purely military requirements, he had to depend on his own resources. Two criticisms only can be made of his conduct. He erred upon the sanguine side in

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refusing to believe in the possibility of rebellion among the tribes behind the Spanish lines; and he was unduly harsh toward his native officers. These were not really faults, even judging him by strictly military criteria. If a general has sufficient troops and equipment to cover all his risks, then he is a bad soldier if the risks are not covered. But if he has not his requirements, then he must risk something.

Silvestre was carrying on what was really a political war, in the sense that its continuance was probably (excluding the Catalonian question) the main issue in Spanish politics. He could, therefore, neither slow down his advance nor consolidate what he had won. His front line was a thin cordon of isolated blockhouses, insufficiently garrisoned and supplied. Many of us will remember sectors of the line in France where all the water had to be carried up in petrol tins. We remember that the supply was insufficient, and the supplying intolerably laborious. We can imagine, therefore, the difficulty of supplying a front line which was not continuous, fifty or sixty miles from the rail-head, in a trackless and mountainous country.

As regards General Silvestre's treatment of the natives, he may have been harsh, but he was scrupulously just, and showed considerable kindness toward the Moors as a whole, if not as individuals. He was one of the very few Spanish officials who was a fine Arabic scholar, and who had studied the customs and the laws of the Moors. Before the disaster he was engaged upon a comprehensive survey of his territory, with a view to establishing the occupants upon a proper system of tenure. He had organized the distribution of seed corn and the provision of agricultural machinery to the natives upon easy terms. He was, of course, a soldier and a disciplinarian, but it is a gross injustice to his memory if he is to be stigmatized as a ruthless and overbearing tyrant.

The mischief started in a tribe called the Beni-Urriaguel, whose habitat is the eastern portion of the Riff coast. Early in June a detachment of this tribe surprised and captured the Abarral position — an advanced blockhouse — with 200 rifles, 4 field guns, 4 machine guns, and 60,000 rounds of S.A.A. During the harvest season they made no further move, but thereafter, enriched by the sale of a bumper crop, they bought 10,000 more rifles, partly smuggled through Tangier, and partly, it is believed, from those French officers who were a few months ago caught by the French authorities selling arms to the natives, and court-martialed at Taza.

The Beni-Urriaguel kept this armament and their own mobilization a profound secret; and this was a fairly easy task in a country with practically no permanent towns or villages, slashed by deep gorges, and yet, even in peacetime, very thickly populated. Concentrations, therefore, were very difficult to observe, and, if observed, occasioned no special alarm. The whole of these preparations were most skillfully controlled by Mohammed Abd-el-Krim, who is the popular hero of the natives. This man and his brother had both been in the Spanish service, the former as an officer, and the latter as a mining engineer. Mohammed Abd-el-Krim himself, however, had caught the nationalist fever with somewhat the same virulence and with the same results as his Mesopotamian confrères. It is believed that the German agents, who were very thick in Morocco during the war, watered his anti-Spanish enthusiasm with large donations. At all events he was a prominent supporter of Abd-el-Maleh in the latter's campaign against the French in 1917, and was imprisoned for his share in this adventure. Re-

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leased at the Armistice, he rejoined the Spanish army, and did duty until a few months ago. He then had a violent quarrel with General Silvestre, who had, as he thought, allowed his past record to militate against him. Silvestre told him to go away and behave himself.

He saluted and went without more ado, but wrote the General a melodramatic letter to the effect that, though the latter might damn him for a bad soldier, he should some day curse him for a good enemy. He proceeded to make good his words, for he went straight off to the Riff tribes, and, using the Beni-Urriaguel as a storm centre, he organized all the usual seasonal turbulence of these tribes into a common purpose animating a powerful army.

Bursting out of his mountains in a sudden foray, Abd-el-Krim fell upon three convoys at the post of Igueriben, slaughtered them to a man, and completed his stores and equipment as the result. The raid drew Silvestre, as it was doubtless designed to do. He collected every man who could hold a rifle and flew to the rescue of Igueriben. No sooner had he penetrated deeply into the country than all the tribes behind him rose, and after heavy casualties he was compelled to halt and entrench himself in the Anual position, where he was at once surrounded. He had 8000 men, no food, no water, no touch with any other position, no artillery and very little ammunition. He had a set of wireless, however, with which he managed to communicate his situation to General Berenguer.

The latter received the tidings at the very moment when he was about to consummate his campaign against Raisuli. He was in the Beni-Ayos country, northwest of Xauen, and on his arrival, on July 20, he received an offer of surrender from Raisuli, who hoped thereby to stave off the final attack. Berenguer replied that he would lunch in Tazrut, Raisuli's capital, on the morrow; but that same evening the wireless brought the dismal details of the situation at Anual. Berenguer wasted no time. Early next morning he was back in Tetuan, collecting every available man for the sea journey to Melilla. Silvestre decided to try a break through in preference to surrender, and in the early dawn the exhausted Spaniards filed out of their position and stumbled away to the southeast. The retreat became a regular slaughter, and only a few bands of resolute men managed to fight their way through. One is irresistibly reminded of the Afghan disaster and the solitary survivor of the British force arriving at Jellalabad. Silvestre remained with his staff until the last in a desperate endeavor to cover the retreat. He was badly wounded in the last rally, and shot himself probably to avoid capture.

When Berenguer arrived at Melilla he found that the tale of disaster was not yet complete, in consequence of a similar fate having overtaken a relief column which, under General Navarro, Baron Casa-Davalillo, had endeavored to cut its way through to Anual from Dar Driuch. The result was that Berenguer had no troops to form a new force, and with difficulty saved Melilla itself until the Spanish Government made up its mind to retrieve the position. For the past two months, however, troops have been steadily accumulating at Melilla, and Berenguer will soon have 100,000 men with whom to recover the lost ground and prestige. There is little doubt that it can be done, given sufficient men, though the troops are raw and a few setbacks are to be expected.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE CONJURER ON HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE

BY J. R. A.

[*Cambridge Review*]

He smiled at me in manner undismayed,
And then, with an expressive glance and shiver,
He flung his leg across the balustrade
And dropped into the river.

Alone I watched his exit from the world,
Alone I ran to peer into the gloom,
And saw the way the swelling ripples curled
Above his midnight tomb.

I watched his hat drift down the tide,
A witness of his scorn of God and men.
His head rose up as though dissatisfied,
And slowly sank again.

Not mine the parting guest to speed or stay;
Not mine to interfere in private sorrow,
Or force a man who so disliked to-day
To wait upon to-morrow.

I wondered would his last expiring breath
In other folk breed equal hate and strife.
I hoped he was enjoying more his death
Than he had liked his life.

He rose no more. The waters ceased their stir;
But in my mind I saw him, pinched and sick,
Yet calm and smiling — like a conjurer
About to do a trick.

A trick that was ineffable, sublime,
That loosed despair and hatred into space,
That flicked a human being out of time
And never left a trace.

Except the hat. I watched it turn and sway
And wander from the place where he had drowned;
The conjurer had tricked himself away,
And could n't hand it round.

NIGHT CRIES

BY ERNEST BLAKE

[*English Review*]

O plover, crying, crying as you fly
Through the lone night,
Keening beneath the pale out-wearied sky
Your dolorous plight;

Wailing of eager, unfulfilled desires,
And formless fears,
You wake in me the sting of dying fires,
Forgotten tears.

The grinning, hunchback moon, astride a cloud,
Mocks at our cry;
So for a million ages has he mowed
Unheedingly.

SONG

BY MARGARET K. McEVOY

[*Bookman*]

There is no spell to bind the wild winds' blowing;
No charm to soothe tempestuous seas to sleep;
No power to stay the passionate tears from flowing
When Love lies down to weep.

There is no comfort for that bitter crying;
No opiate lulls that ceaseless pain to rest,
Or ever shall till Love and I be lying
Deep in earth's dreamless breast.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A NEW CHINESE SCRIPT

WIDELY divergent views on the probable value of the new Chinese script, which has been invented with a view to reducing to a single form the intricate ideographs of which the language is composed, are expressed by two distinguished British students of Chinese literature.

Chinese is a monosyllabic language in which words have hitherto been written down as independent characters, standing for ideas rather than words and not divisible into letters. The new script is a phonetic alphabet of forty characters indicating the sound of the word and not the idea for which it stands. The distinction is not so superficial as it may seem to Western readers; it is fundamental, for it practically rules out all of the ancient literature. Since in Chinese a single word stands for many ideas and the distinction is indicated by an inflection of the voice, the phonetic alphabet is supplemented by certain marks to indicate these 'tones'; but even so it is not adequate to the requirements of the elaborate refinements of classical literature.

Dr. W. Hopkyn Rees, reader in Chinese at the University of London, recently gave an enthusiastic interview to the London *Observer*, in which he prophesied great future usefulness for the new system of writing. He regards it as particularly valuable because he hopes that it will make the ancient culture of China available to the masses of the Chinese people — a possibility of particular importance in stemming the present educational tide, which is setting among the Chinese toward an exclusive Westernism, to the neglect of their native literature and philosophy.

While we all welcome the great demand that exists for foreign education in China [Dr. Rees told the writer in the *Observer*] it is unfortunate that large numbers do not give to their own literature, which is very extensive, the attention and study they should. There is such a rush for Western education that they sacrifice in their training much of the old Chinese literature.

Of the common people, about ninety-five per cent, through lack of opportunity and lack of means for study, have no knowledge at all of their own works. But now comes in the new national script, whose promoters say, 'Here you are, within a few weeks you can learn by its aid to read ordinary books.' . . . Many attempts have been made to make the language easy. The missionary societies have long felt the need for simplified writing, and during recent years they have lead the movement for pushing it to the front. The Government, recognizing that illiteracy is a hindrance to the life of the community, has also paid special attention to it, and to-day with the imprimatur of the Government quite a number of books are being issued in the new script. In most of the provinces there is much eagerness on the part of the illiterates to acquire a knowledge of this simplified form of writing.

The movement, indeed, is spreading, and hundreds of thousands of men and women are learning to read who, through lack of training, found the old hieroglyphics impossible to acquire. I have a daughter in Tientsin who uses the new script in all her correspondence with Chinese women. The same is done in many other areas in China.

It will take, of course, a long time to prepare literature in the new script; and, further, there is the conservative spirit of the literati in China, who would look upon the new system with a good deal of disfavor; but there is no doubt in my mind that the new script is going to revolutionize the educational problems of the country.

Dr. Lionel Giles, of the British Museum staff, is a sinologue of great distinction. He is the son of Professor

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H. A. Giles, of Cambridge, who wrote the first history of Chinese literature in any language, and is himself the author of many translations from the Chinese and of critical works as well. His objection to the new script is that its adoption will mean the abandonment of the ancient literature, which has got far beyond representation in any possible phonetic alphabet, and in a letter to the *Observer* he declares: —

The spoken language of China can be reduced to writing which, after a little practice, is capable of being read and understood. The *spoken* language, be it observed: not the language in which books are written, for the two are about as different as chalk and cheese. Chinese, though poor in sounds, is very rich in words, and consequently every sound has to do duty for a large number of words with totally different meanings. In common speech ambiguity is avoided by the use of suffixes, reduplications, word-pairs, and what not; but in the book language, including every kind of literature from the classics down to modern journalism, no such devices are used: they are unnecessary, every word being distinguished by a separate character. A page of Chinese may be quite intelligible to one who does not know the pronunciation of a single character; indeed, Chinese characters are pronounced very differently by Japanese, or even by natives of different parts of China itself, yet they convey the same meaning to all. But substitute for the characters a purely phonetic system such as this new shorthand, and chaos is come again! You may read the sound *li*, but you cannot tell whether it stands for a pear or a plum or a chestnut, for a village, an official, a shoe, or a carp, for principles or ceremony or profit, or any other of the hundred or so words which are all pronounced *li*. The indication of the tone helps a little, but not nearly enough; six of the above words, for instance, are pronounced in the same tone. It is a curious fact, not commonly realized by the lucky inheritors of a polysyllabic tongue, that literary Chinese cannot be read aloud with pleasure or profit to any except the reader himself. He would be totally unintelligible to his audience unless he translated each sentence into colloquial as he went along.

It is obvious, then, that the new script has very serious limitations, and that there is no likelihood of its superseding the old-style writing unless the Chinese decide to throw the whole of their vast and ancient literature on the scrap-heap, and start afresh. And even then, their new literature would have to be created in a medium that lends itself neither to beauty of style nor to the expression of any except the simplest conceptions. At the same time, I am far from denying that the new script may prove a great blessing to untold millions of people; for one thing, it will enable otherwise illiterate persons to correspond with one another by letter; and there is no reason why it should not be employed in the production of special newspapers for the masses, or even books of a popular kind.

DRAMA À LA MASEFIELD: A RECIPE

When Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, journeying to deliver a lecture before the Oxford University French Club, was overtaken by a fog and telephoned to say that he could not finish his journey, Mr. John Masefield was hurriedly brought in from his home at Boar's Hill, near by, to fill the gap, and diverted his hearers by extemporizing a poetic drama on the spot.

The two essentials of a play, he told his hearers, were contest and probability. A humorous sight made some people stop in the street; a pitiful sight made others; but everybody stopped to see a fight. The play must begin with preliminary exposition; there must be hearsay: 'Hast heard the noble Duke doth wed to-day?' — and doubt — 'Surely it cannot be. The Lady Olivia is beloved by the noble Ruffiano.' There you have contest and wonder.

Forthwith the dramatist must introduce his principal players, the Duke, the Lady Olivia, the noble Ruffiano, and the two scoundrels Murderano and Assassinato. A plot to drug the Duke

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would not be amiss, likewise the substitution of the disguised Ruffiano in his place at the altar when the time came for the wedding. Mr. Masefield recommended dialogue something like this: —

Murderano: But the Bishop — will he not recognize
The noble Ruffiano?
Ruffiano: He hath too much sense
To cause an uproar at a ducal wedding.
Assassinato: But the Lady Olivia?
Ruffiano: Tush, Love is blind.
Murderano: But how shall we escape the public eye?
Ruffiano: We'll hold our hats before our face,
And all will think we fear the cinema.

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THE WRATH OF MR. GEORGE MOORE

SOMEONE was so indiscreet as to dispatch to Mr. George Moore an invitation to the banquet recently given in London in honor of the famous caricaturist, Sir Leslie Ward, better known perhaps by the name with which he signs his drawings — 'Spy.'

Presumably Mr. Moore looks with approval upon any honors that may accrue to Sir Leslie, but upon the dinner itself he looks with horror undisguised. The reason? Mr. Moore cannot bring himself to endure the 'aristocratic patter' certain to be uttered in the after-dinner speeches of the 'two Dukes, many Marquises, innumerable Earls, Viscounts, Barons, and a multitude of Knights and Baronets,' included among the guests.

No one — certainly none of his readers — had hitherto suspected Mr. Moore of democratic leanings; but apparently the aristocrats are no more in favor than their humbler foes. Mr. Moore, moreover, fails to see why, at a dinner in an artist's honor, 'the Arts that we practise should be expounded to us by aliens.' Hence the magnificent indignation of his letter: —

On November 21 at the Savoy Hotel, soon after nine o'clock, the words will ring out: 'Art holds the keys of Peace'; and the hours will go by, each speaker differentiating between the Arts, one contending that whereas the Arts of Painting and Music can be understood by all men, the Art of Literature is limited by a knowledge of language. The next speaker will not, however, fail to remark that language has ceased to be a barrier, averring that, by means of translation, Literature has been placed on the same universal level as Music and Painting.

Eleven o'clock will mark the introduction of another theme, and one that will bring down the curtain fitly on an historic occasion. About that time a speaker will arise who will point out that Art is part of the great primal substance known as Nature, and he will be followed by another who will declare that Nature is something more and something less than Art; that Art is not Nature because it is Art; that Nature is not Art because it is Nature; and that the stupendous creations of the artist are no less mysterious than those of God himself.

I have heard all this kind of aristocratic patter before, and really cannot bring myself to listen to it again.

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